

THE GREAT - THE ONE AND ONLY

CAPTAIN BATTLE

COMICS

NO. 1

10¢



HURRY! HURRY!
CAPTAIN, BEFORE THE
BOMB EXPLODES!

44 PAGES OF CAPT. BATTLE!

OTHER SMASH FEATURES!

HARRISON



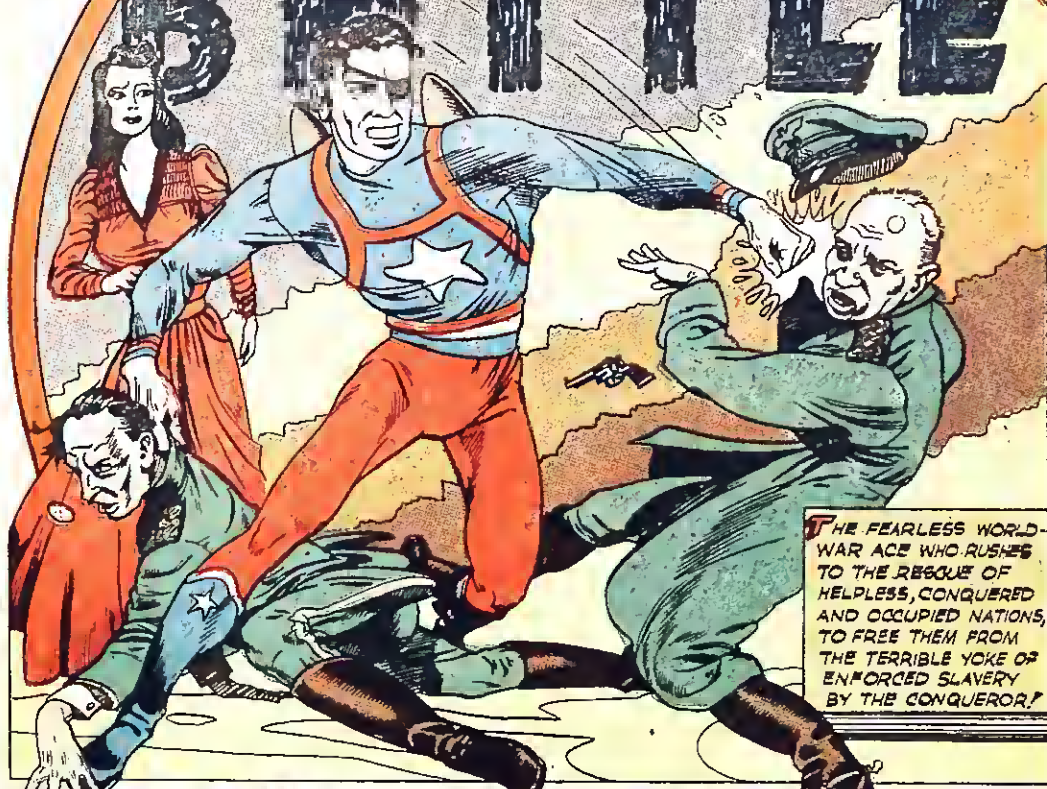
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Maxideya

Captain

BATTLE

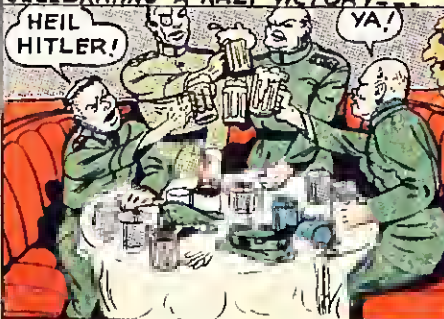


THE FEARLESS WORLD-WAR ACE WHO RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF HELPLESS, CONQUERED AND OCCUPIED NATIONS, TO FREE THEM FROM THE TERRIBLE YOKE OF ENFORCED SLAVERY BY THE CONQUEROR!

PARIS IN THE SPRING 1941



SEATED IN THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL EMBASSY ARE SEVERAL GERMAN OFFICERS CELEBRATING A NAZI VICTORY



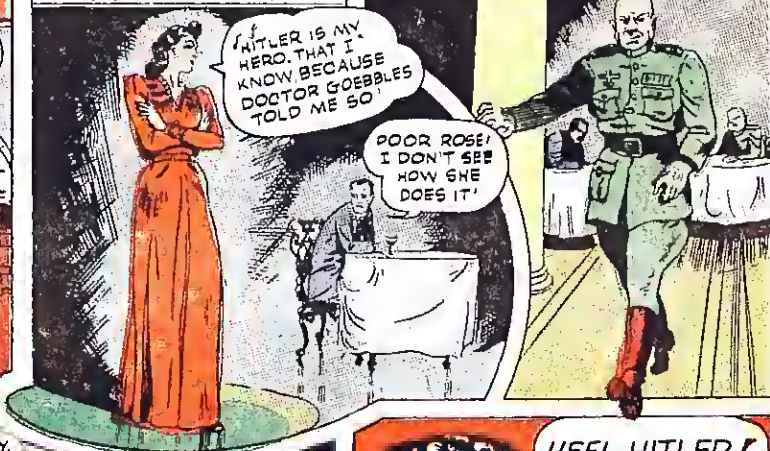
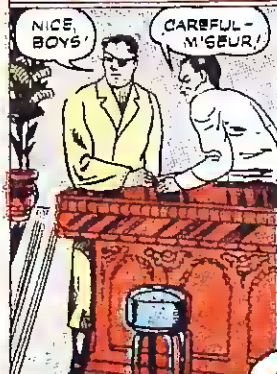
THE FRENCH PATRONS HATE THE SIGHT OF THEM!



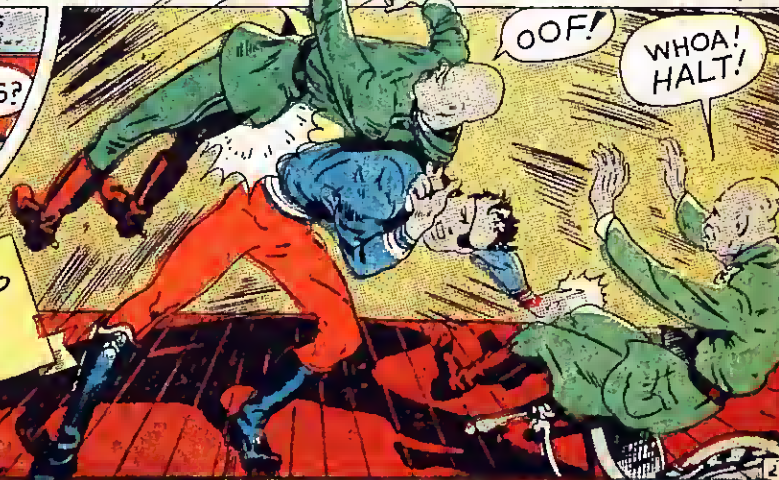
UNOBSERVED AT THE BAR STANDS CAPT. BATTLE WHO HAS COME TO PARIS TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE UNDER GERMAN HANDS...

THE GERMANS REQUEST A SONG OF THE FATHERLAND. UNWILLING, ROSE CORDRAY IS MADE TO SING IT FOR THEM.

AS SHE LEAVES THE FLOOR, DETZER, A GERMAN OFFICER, SWAGGERS OVER TO HER...

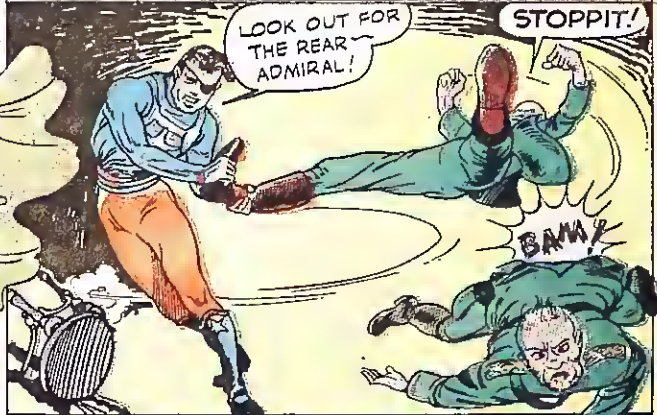


CAPTAIN BATTLE FLIPS THE STARTLED OFFICER OVER HIS BACK AND INTO THE OTHERS!





SWINGING THE ENRAGED DETZER BY ONE LEG- CAPTAIN BATTLE FLOORS THE OTHER OFFICERS.



RELEASED DETZER ON THE UP-SWING-HE CRASHES INTO THE CHANDELIER---



AND THE WHOLE KABOODLE COMES CRASHING DOWN.



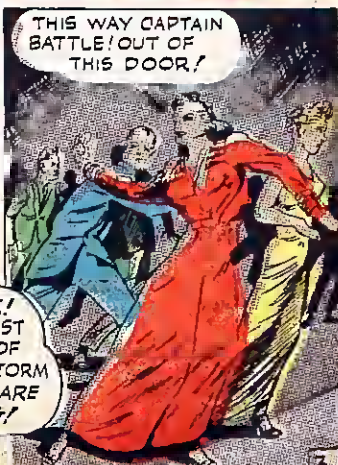
AT THIS, ROSE LEAPS UPON THE TABLE TO LEAD THE FRENCHMEN IN THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM- THE MARSEILLAISE!!



SUDDENLY--



QUICK! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE THE STORM TROOPERS ARE COMING!



JUST THEN THE TROOPERS BREAK IN!



WHAT ISS DER TROUBLE HERE?

REVENGEFUL, DETZER SEIZES ROSE-



SO, YOU MAKE ME SING THE MARSEILLAISE? THIS TIME YOU DONT GET AWAY, SEE?



YA!

UGHH!

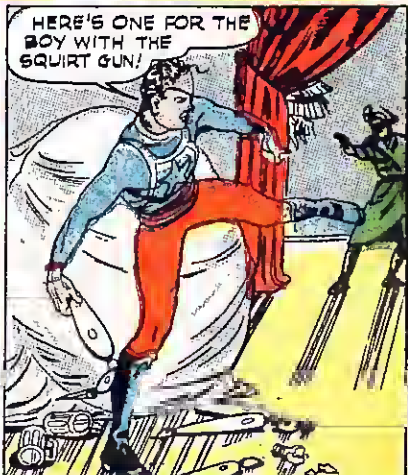
HIDING BEHIND THE OVERTURNED TABLE, CAPTAIN BATTLE FORTIFIES HIMSELF WITH THE HEAVY GLASS ORNAMENTS OF THE BROKEN CHANDELIER.



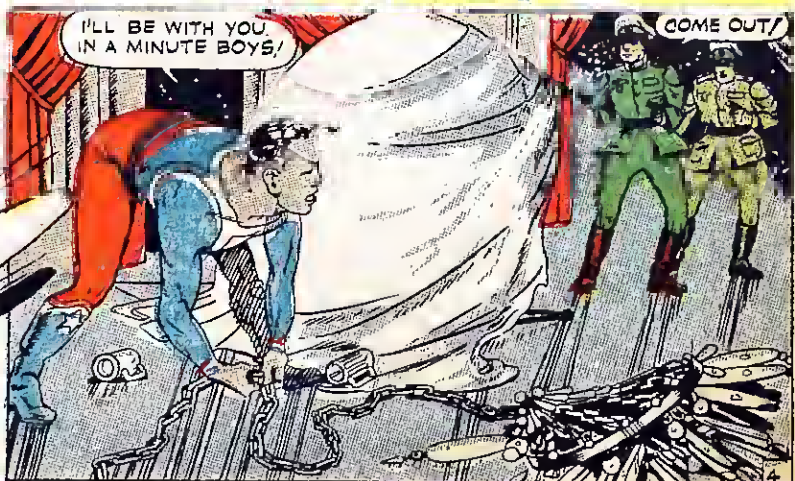
THIS FIRST ONE IS FOR OUR FRIEND DETZER!



A PERFECT HIT!

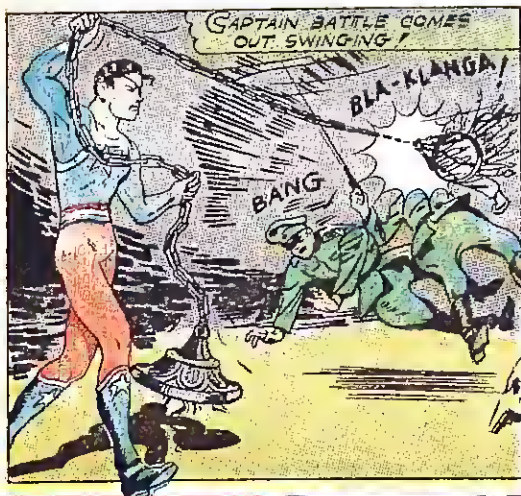


HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOY WITH THE SQUIRT GUN!

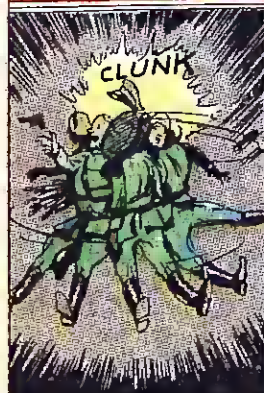


I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE BOYS!

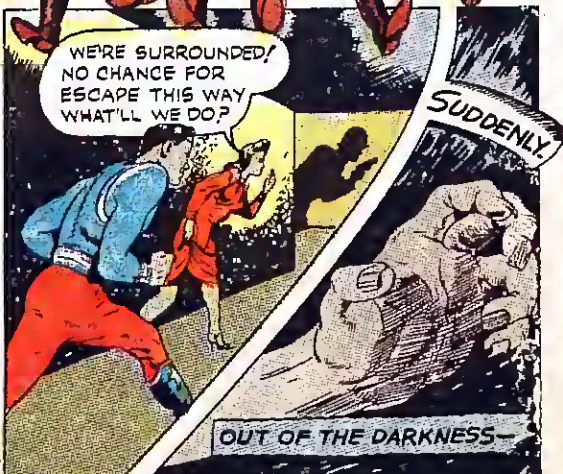
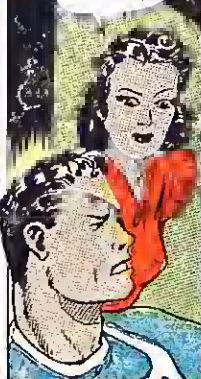
COME OUT!



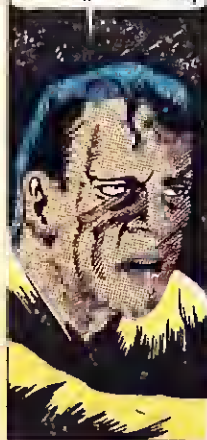
WHICH TRAPS THE NAZI LIKE AN ARGENTINE "BO-A!"



NOW'S OUR CHANCE, OUT THIS SIDE DOOR TO THE ALLEY!



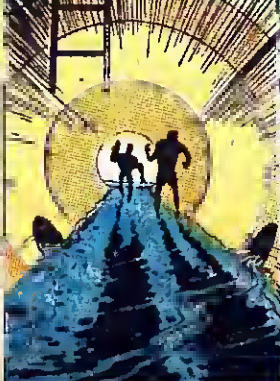
QUICK! IN HERE!



THEY THREE SLIP INTO A SECRET PASSAGEWAY AS THE SOLDIERS TRAMPLE BY!



THEY ARE LED ALONG A TUNNEL WHICH ENTERS INTO THE LARGE SEWERS UNDER THE CITY. HERE THEY FIND A LADDER LEADING UP INTO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS!



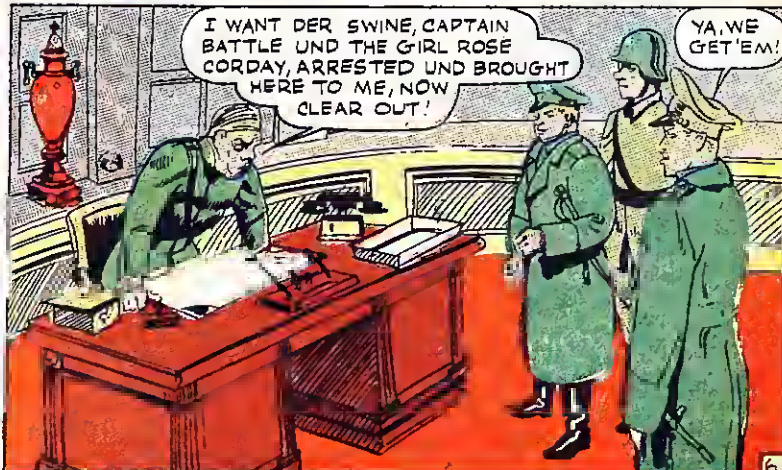
CAPTAIN BATTLE IS GREETED BY A BAND OF FAMILIAR FACES, HIS BUDDIES OF THE WORLD WAR!



HE FINDS THIS IS THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE LAFAYETTE POST OF THE U.S. WAR VETS!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NAZI CONTROLLED FRENCH PRESS APPEARS WITH A BLISTERING ATTACK ON THOSE WHO SANG THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN THE HOTEL EMBASSY!



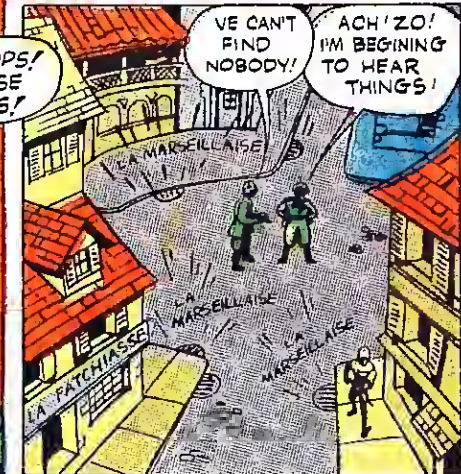
NOTICES ARE POSTED ON THE KIOSKS NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF THE NEW DEATH-PENALTY FOR SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE!

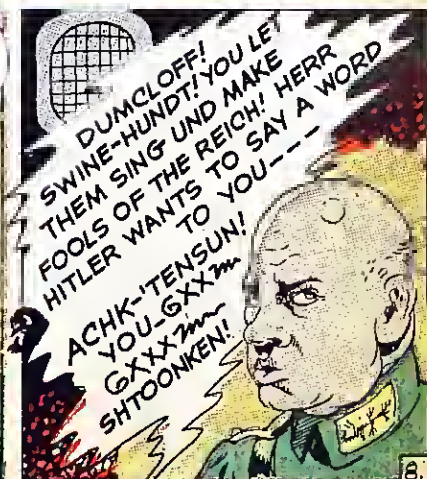
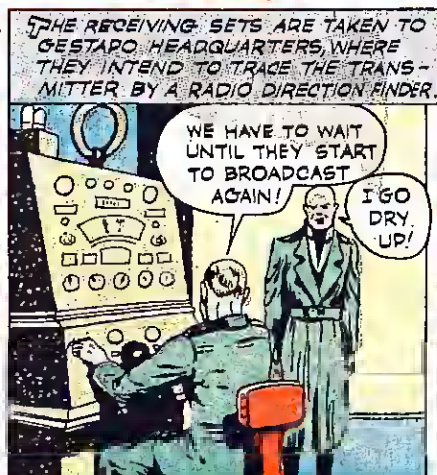
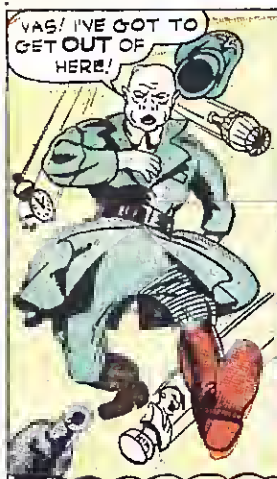


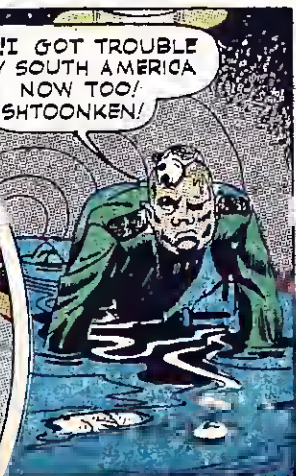
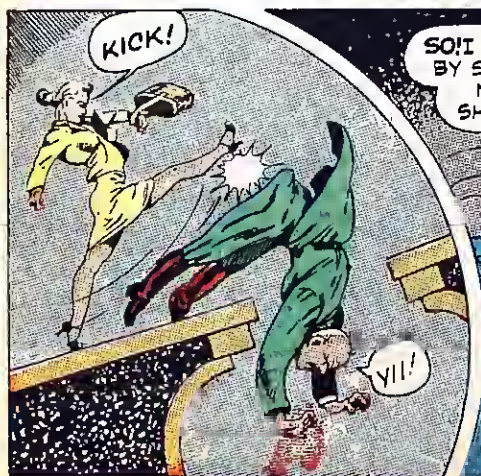
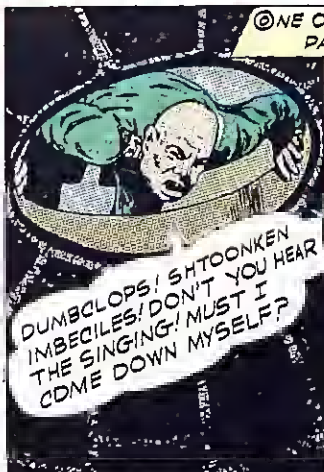
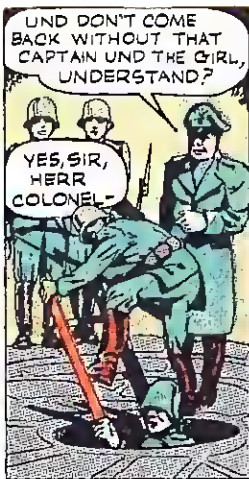
BUT THAT EVENING, A GROUP OF WEIRDLY CLAD FIGURES ENTER THE SEWER SYSTEM UNDER THE STREETS OF PARIS.

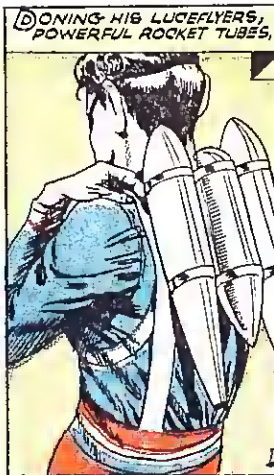
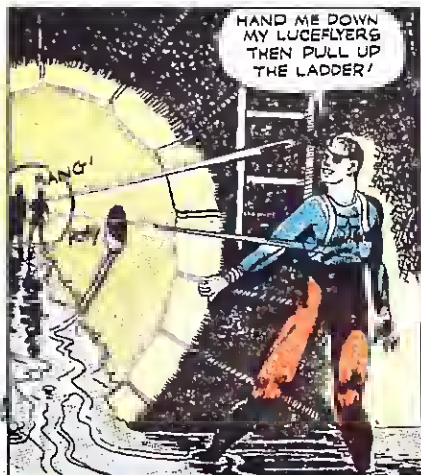


ABOVE ON THE STREETS...









THUS THE NAZIS ARE ROUTED FROM THE "UNDERGROUND" AND CAPTAIN BATTLE SCARS BACK TO THE YET'S HEADQUARTERS.



AND SOON THE OFFICIAL NEWS PAPER OF THE UNDERGROUND IS READY FOR THE PUBLIC!



LATE THAT NIGHT---

OKAY JOE,
HAND UP THE
PAPERS! LET'S GO!

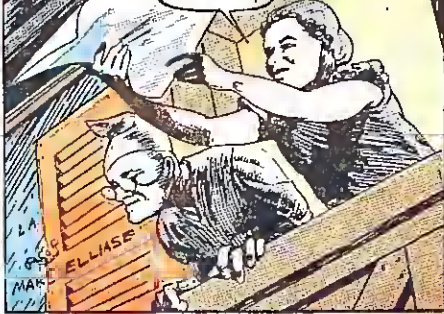


SILENTLY THEY SPRINT THROUGH
THE STREETS, TOSSING THE
PAPERS INTO THE WIND AND
POSTING OTHERS THROUGH OUT
THE CITY---

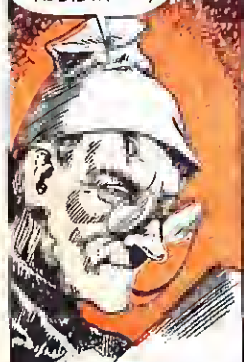


WHEN THE POPULACE IS AWAKENED
BY THE STIRRING "MARSEILLIASE"
ONCE AGAIN!

LOOK PA-PA! IT IS NEWS FROM
THE UNDERGROUND MOVE-
MENT! VIVE M'SIEUR
BATTLE!

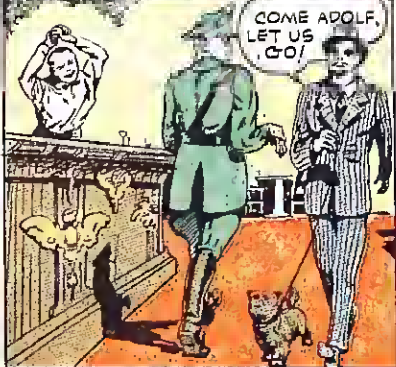


HE IS RIGHT, THERE
IS HOPE YET, FOR
FRANCE! WE MUST
SLOWLY BEGIN
RESISTANCE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY FRENCH-
MEN AVOID THE NAZIS. THEY
WALK OUT OF CAFES WHEN-
EVER AN OFFICER ENTERS.

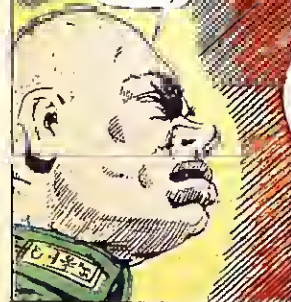
COME ADOLF,
LET US
GO!



SOMETHINGS GOT TO BE
DONE. DOT UNDERGROUND
PAPER HAS GIVEN THESE
FRENCH TOO MUCH NERVE
I GOT TO THINK OF
SOMETHING--YA!



YA! I GOT IT! FROM NOW
ON, ALL FRENCHMEN IN
PUBLIC PLACES MUST RE-
MAIN THERE FIFTEEN
MINUTES AFTER THE
ENTRANCE OF A GERMAN,
BEFORE THEY CAN
LEAVE!



THE FRENCH AWAIT INSTRUCT-
IONS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

KEEP
YOUR EYES
ON THE CLOCK!
COUNT THE
MINUTES!



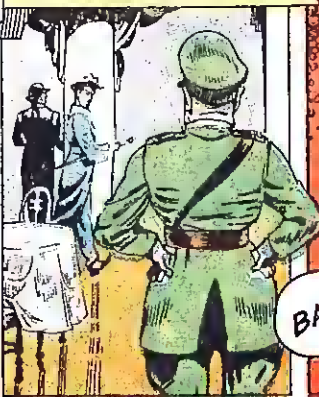
SO NOW WE SEE
IF THEY WALK OUT
ON DETZER!



THE MOMENT DETZER ENTERS, THE FRENCHMEN BRING FORTH THEIR WATCHES AND LAY THEM ON THE TABLE BEFORE THEM.



AND AFTER EXACTLY 15 MINUTES ELAPSES, THEY ALL GET UP AND LEAVE.



DETZER IS FURIOUS!



BAH!

BACK AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---

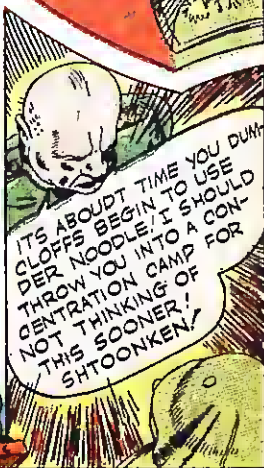


HERR DETZER, MIGHT I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, I HAVE A PLAN.



I SUGGEST WE BLOW COLORED GAS DOWN THE SEWERS. THE GAS WILL SEEP OUT OF THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE "UNDERGROUND" SO DEN WE CAN DISCOVER DER LOCATION!

VAT?



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DUMPS CLOFFS BEGIN TO USE DER NOODLE! I SHOULD THROW YOU INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR NOT THINKING OF THIS SOONER! SHTOONKEN!

NOW GED OUT, SO I CAN PLAN MY UNDERGROUND BLITZKRIEG GET OUT!



HALLO! DR. GOEBBLES? THIS IS DETZER, YA-- NOW-- VOAI-- WAIT, LISSER! I JUST THOUGHT OF AN IDEA HOW I CAN GET RID OF THE UNDERGROUND! YA!

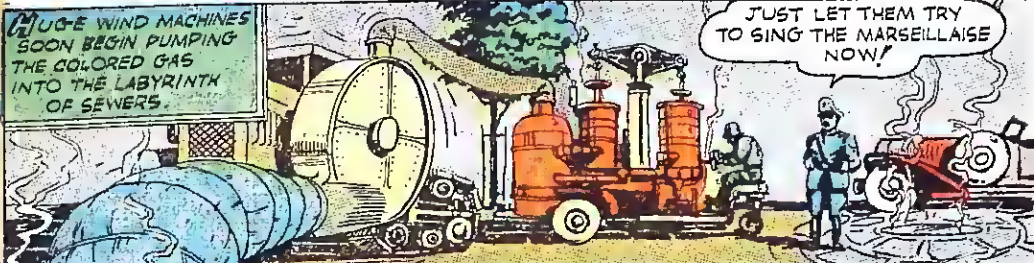


WE WILL COMMENSE OPERATIONS IMMEDIATLY! GIVE MY LOVE TO DER FUEHRER! YA-- AUF WIEDER-SEHEN!

NOW YOU STUPID OXES GET THOSE WIND MACHINES SET UP UND DONT TAKE ALL DAY ABOUT IT, NEIDER! IT'S A GOOD TING YOU'VE GOT A SMART COLONEL LIKE DETZER-YA-!



MUCH WIND MACHINES
SOON BEGIN PUMPING
THE COLORED GAS
INTO THE LABYRINTH
OF SEWERS.



YA! DOTS A LOT EASIER
THEN SENDING A WHOLE
ARMY OF MEN DOWN
TO GET LOST IN
THOSE SHTOONKEN
SEWERS!

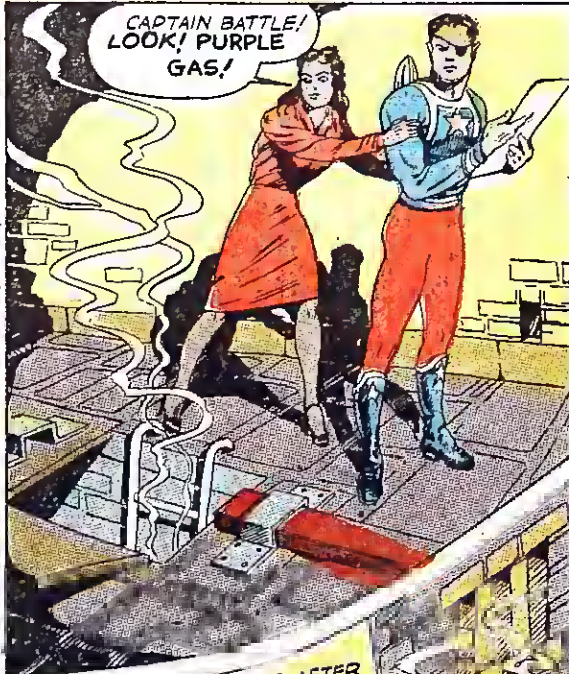


SLOWLY THE GAS
HAS BEGUN TO
CREEP INTO THE
VERY ENTRANCE
OF THE 'UNDER-
GROUND!'

THIS IS DETZERS WORK!
WE'VE GOT TO SEAL UP
EVERY CRACK SO THE
GAS WON'T ESCAPE,
TO TELL THE NAZIS
OF OUR HEAD-
QUARTERS!

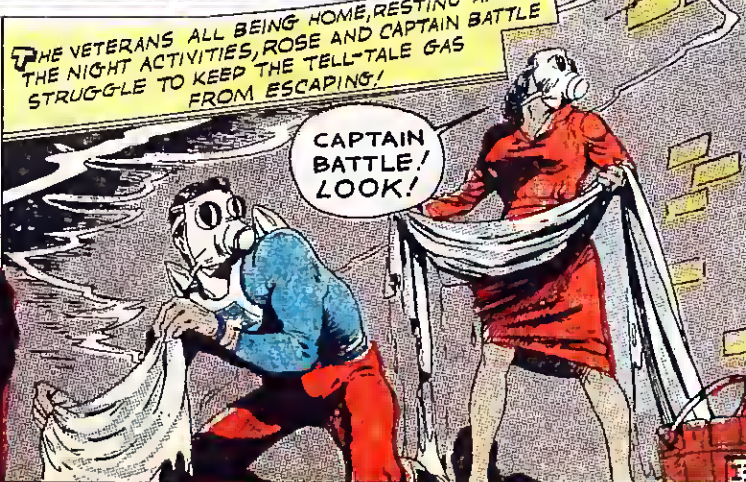


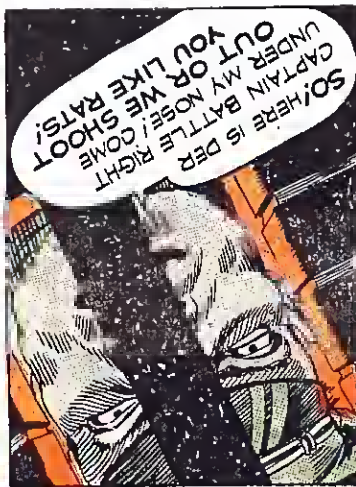
CAPTAIN BATTLE!
LOOK! PURPLE
GAS!



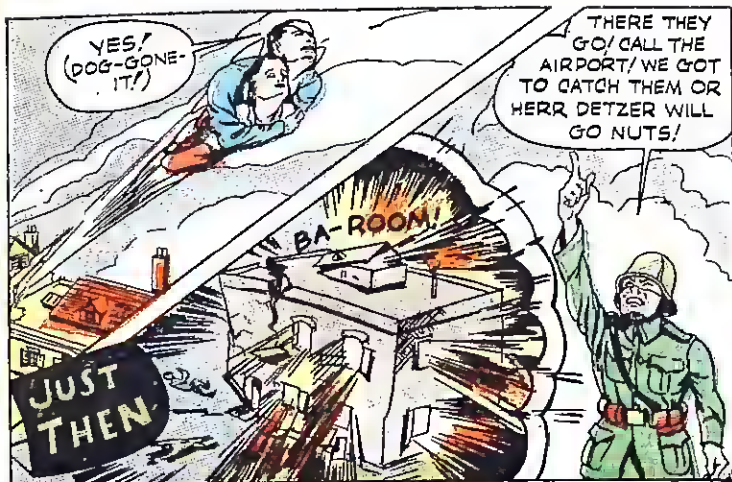
THE VETERANS ALL BEING HOME, RESTING AFTER
THE NIGHT ACTIVITIES, ROSE AND CAPTAIN BATTLE
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THE TELL-TALE GAS
FROM ESCAPING!

CAPTAIN
BATTLE!
LOOK!

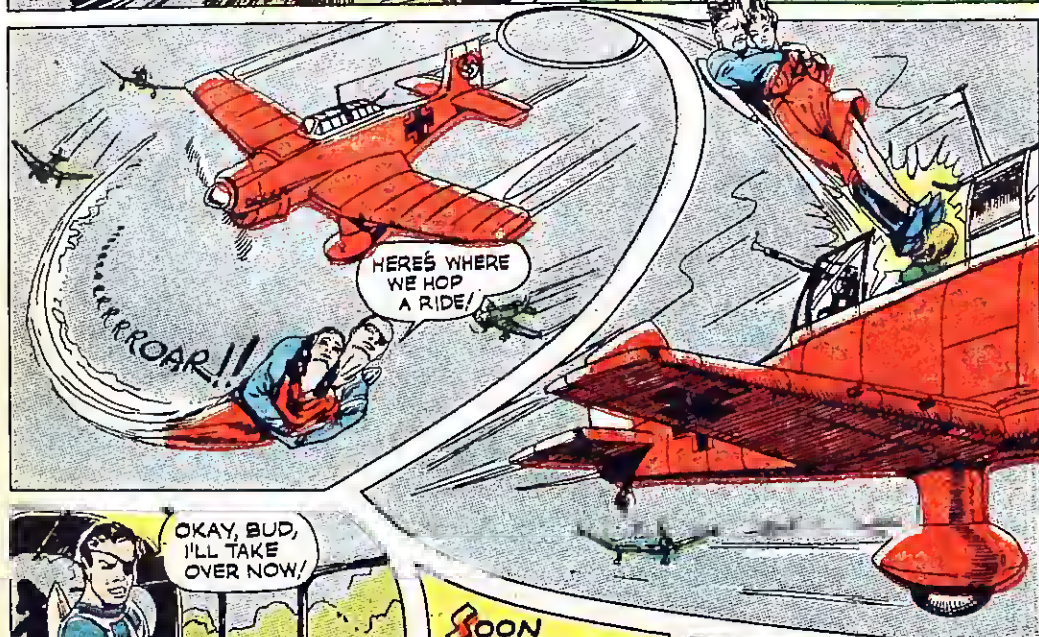
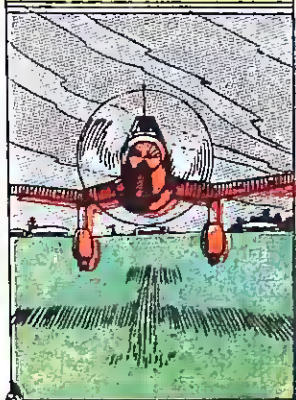




DO WE
HAVE TO
GO RIGHT
AWAY?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER
A SQUADRON OF STUKAS
TAKE THE AIR!

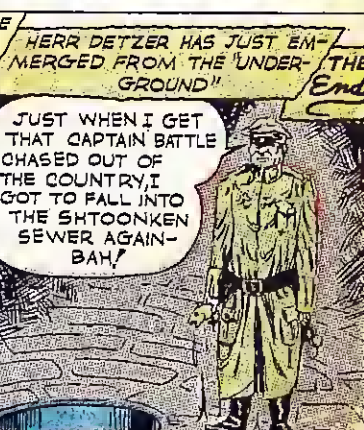
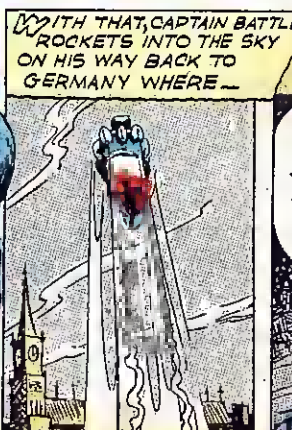
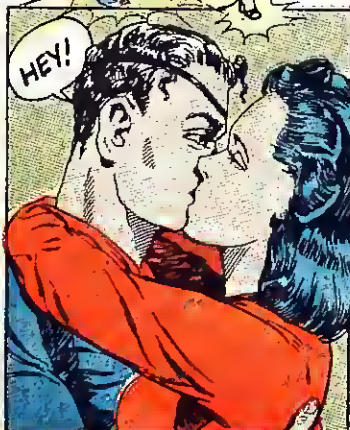
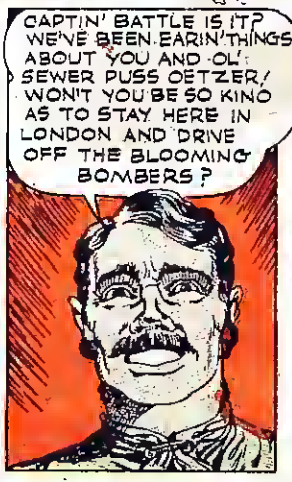
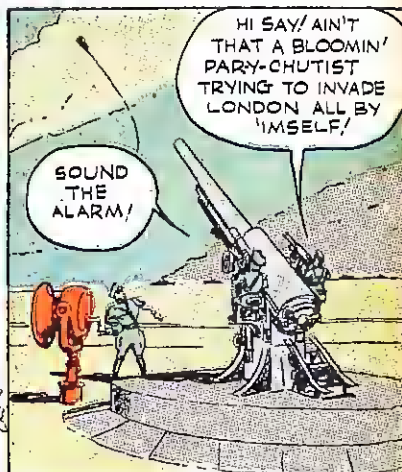
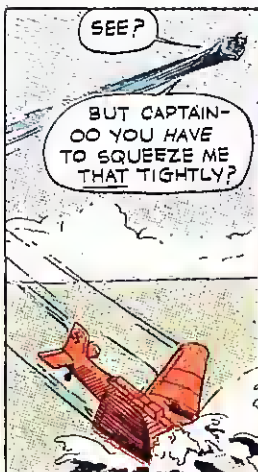


SOON
THE OTHER PLANES
ARE KNOCKED OUT OF
THE SKY IN RAPID
SUCCESSION...

THIS IS
THE
LAST
ONE!

SWITCHING THE RADIO TO THE
WAVE LENGTH OF PRENTISS'
SHORT WAVE
RADIO

PRENTISS, I'M
TAKING ROSE
TO ENGLAND
FOR HER SAFETY,
I'LL RETURN
IMMEDIATELY!



BUT THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM CALL CAPTAIN BATTLE TO NEW, STILL MORE, EXCITING ADVENTURES... IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK

Captain BATTLE

SAVIOR OF CHUNKING!



TORTURE, DEATH, AND A JAPANESE SPY! THESE WERE THE INGREDIENTS OF A MYSTERY THAT PLUNGED CAPTAIN BATTLE FROM THE FRISCO WATERFRONT TO WAR TORN CHINA! FOR THE JAPANESE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING AND THE FATE OF ASIA WAS AT STAKE!

DUSK FALLS OVER THE EMBARCADERO SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS WATERFRONT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE GOES FOR A STROLL.

SAY...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



RACING ALONG THE WHARVES...HE DISCOVERS A DOCK BRAWL...

TAKE THAT! HON-ORABLE DOG! FOUR JAPANESE TO ONE CHINESE! I'LL LOWER THE ODDS A LITTLE!



TAKE THAT... MOST HONORABLE SKUNK!



ONE OF THE JAPANESE WHIPS OUT A GUN... THIS WILL LIQUIDATE AUDACIOUS AMERICAN!



BUT THE SLUG MERELY GRAZED CAPTAIN BATTLE! HE RECOVERS HIS SENSES TO HEAR...

A MOTORBOAT... THAT MUST BE MY PALS!

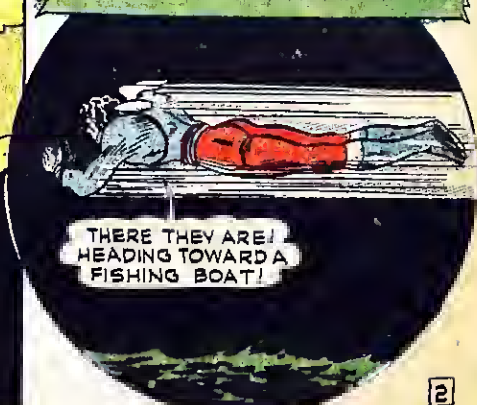


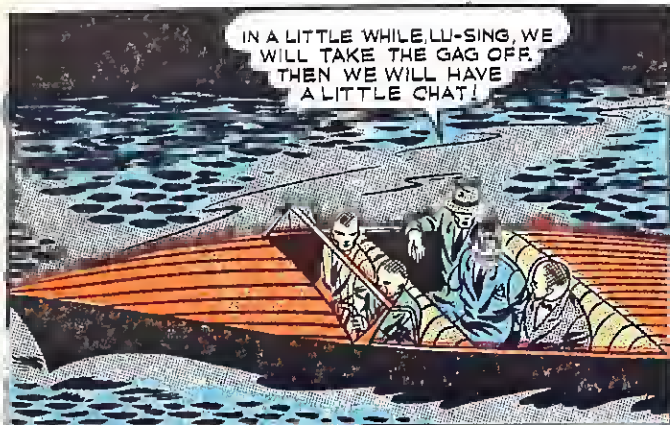
THE CAPTAIN PREPARES FOR ACTION...HE DONS HIS UNIFORM AND LUGGERS

NOW TO NIP THE NIPPONESE!

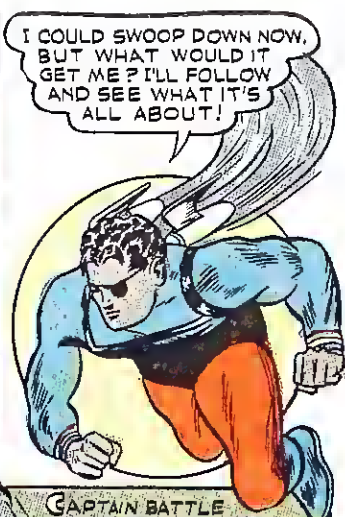


HIS BODY HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY!

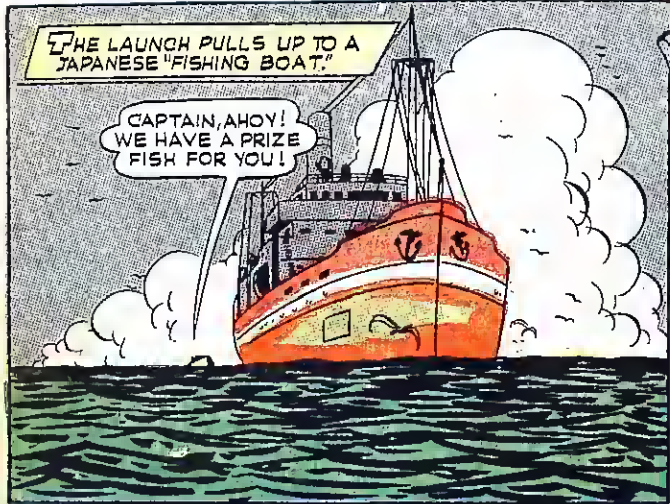




IN A LITTLE WHILE, LU-SING, WE
WILL TAKE THE GAG OFF.
THEN WE WILL HAVE
A LITTLE CHAT!

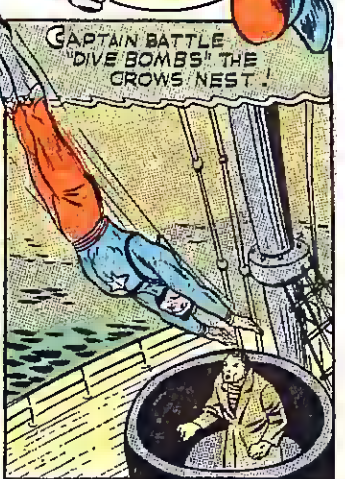


I COULD SWOOP DOWN NOW,
BUT WHAT WOULD IT
GET ME? I'LL FOLLOW
AND SEE WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!



THE LAUNCH PULLS UP TO A
JAPANESE "FISHING BOAT."

CAPTAIN, AH-OY!
WE HAVE A PRIZE
FISH FOR YOU!

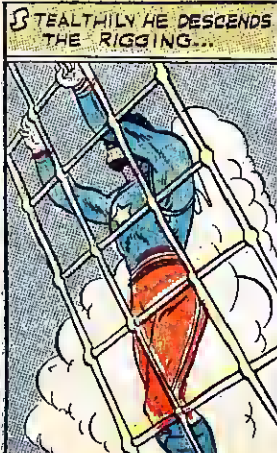


CAPTAIN BATTLE
"DIVE BOMBS" THE
CROWS' NEST!



BEFORE THE LOOKOUT
CAN UTTER A PEER...

QUIET,
PLEASE!



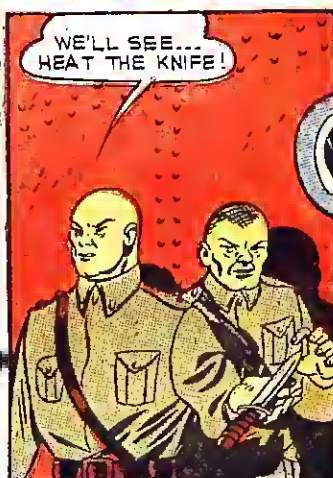
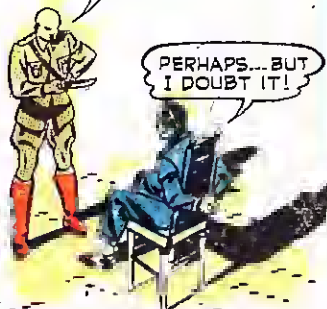
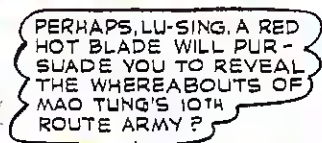
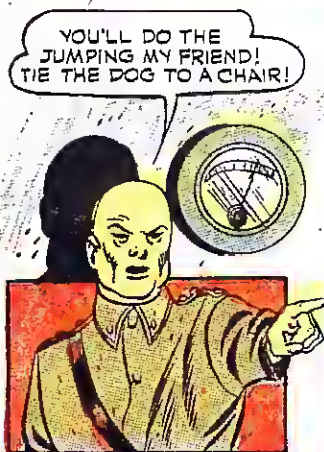
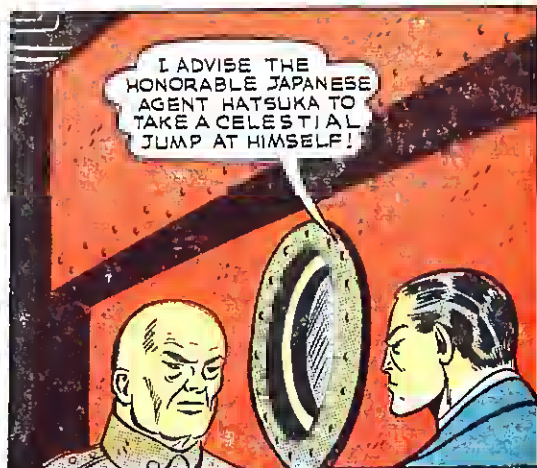
STEALTHILY HE DESCENDS
THE RIGGING...



HE ENTERS A PASSAGE LEADING
TO THE HOLD...

PHIEW... I THOUGHT THERE
WAS SOMETHING FISHY
DOWN HERE!

HE MOVES TO A DOOR... OPENS IT SLIGHTLY...

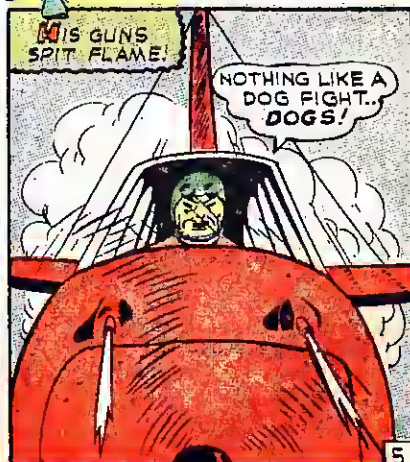
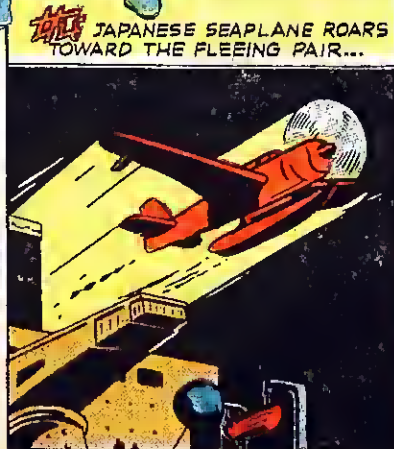
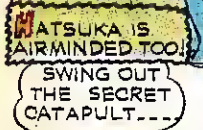
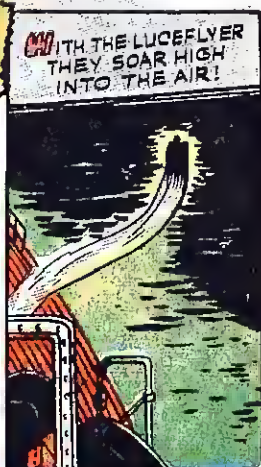
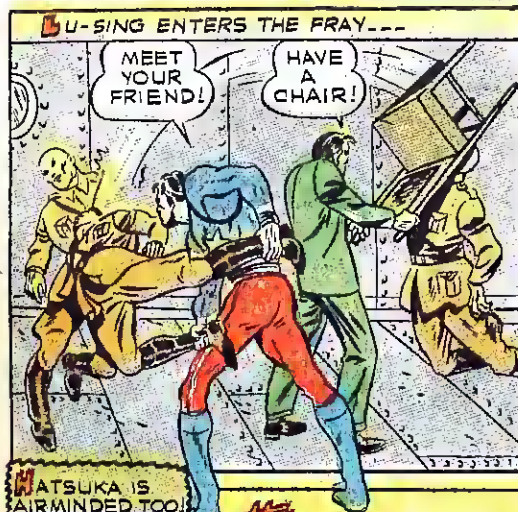
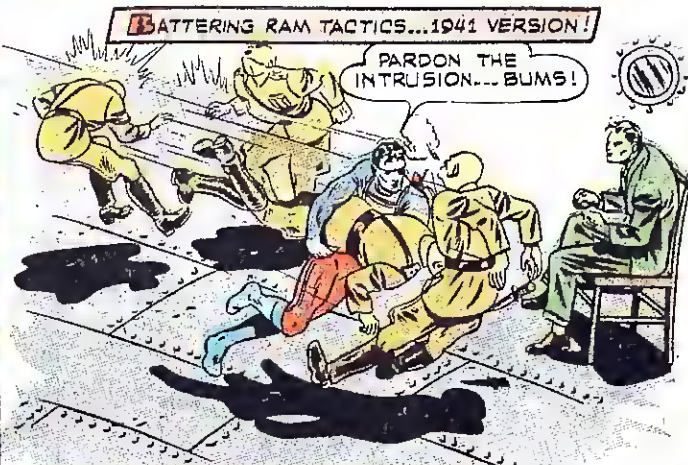
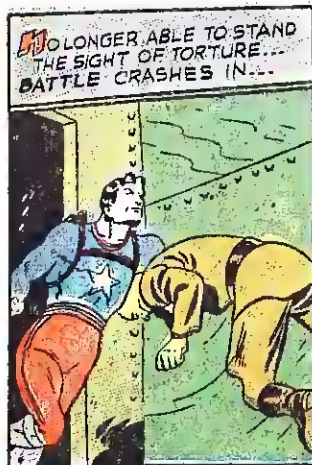


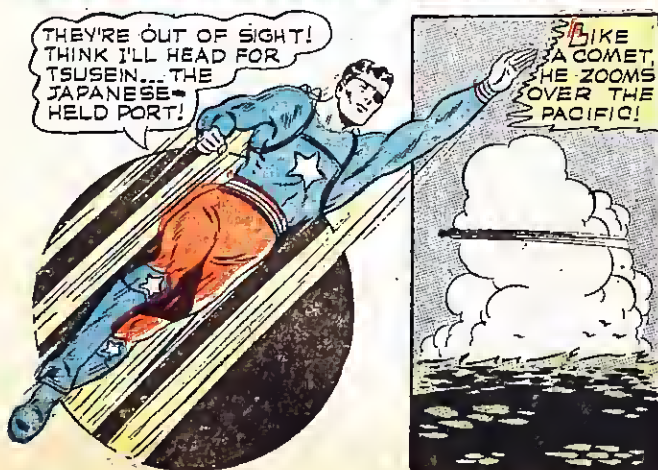
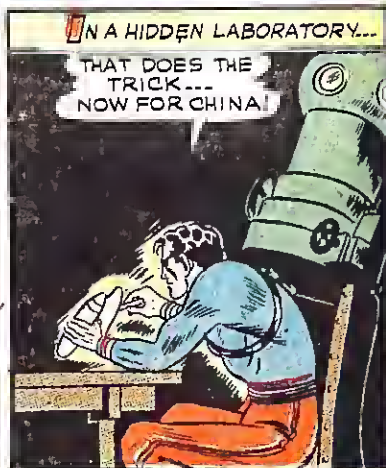
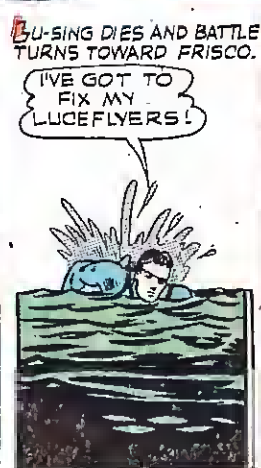
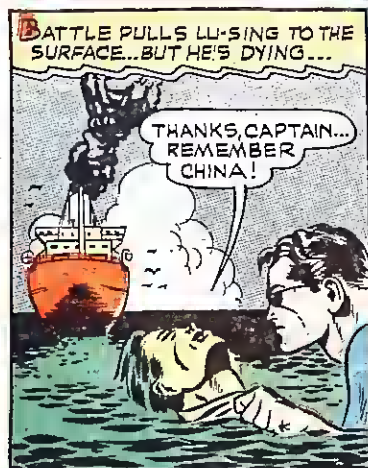
THE SEARING BLADE GOES UNDER ONE OF LU-SING'S FINGERNAILS!

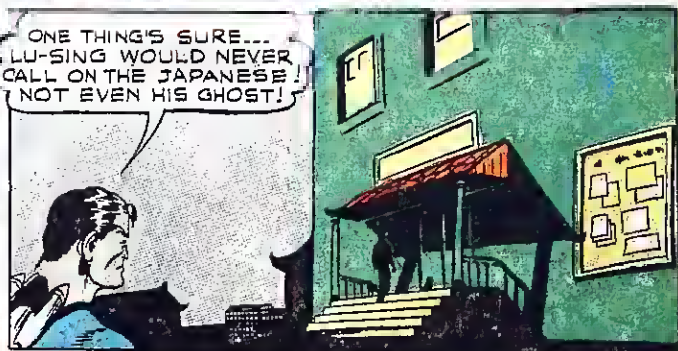
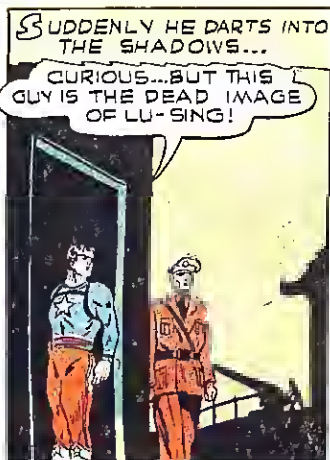


SWEEP POURS OUT OF LU-SING'S BROW AS THE KNIFE SEARS HIS FLESH!









飛 CAPTAIN SHOTS UP TO A WINDOW...



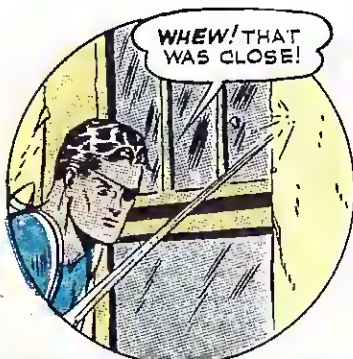
CHINESE UNDERGROUND SOURCES, BELIEVING ME TO BE LU-SING CONFIDED THAT MAO TUNG... AND A FEW OFFICERS LEFT THEIR BASE TO GO TO CHUNKING TO ARRANGE FOR SUPPLIES!



HMM... MAIKING IS STILL IN CHINESE HANDS, THOUGH WE'VE BEEN STORMING IT FOR DAYS! SUPPOSE YOU GO THERE AND KIDNAP MAO TUNG... BRING HIM BACK ALIVE... I WANT TO KNOW THE LOCATION OF HIS SECRET BASE!



Meanwhile... A GUN BARKS OUTSIDE... THE EAVES DROPPER IS DISCOVERED!



COME DOWN... SPY!

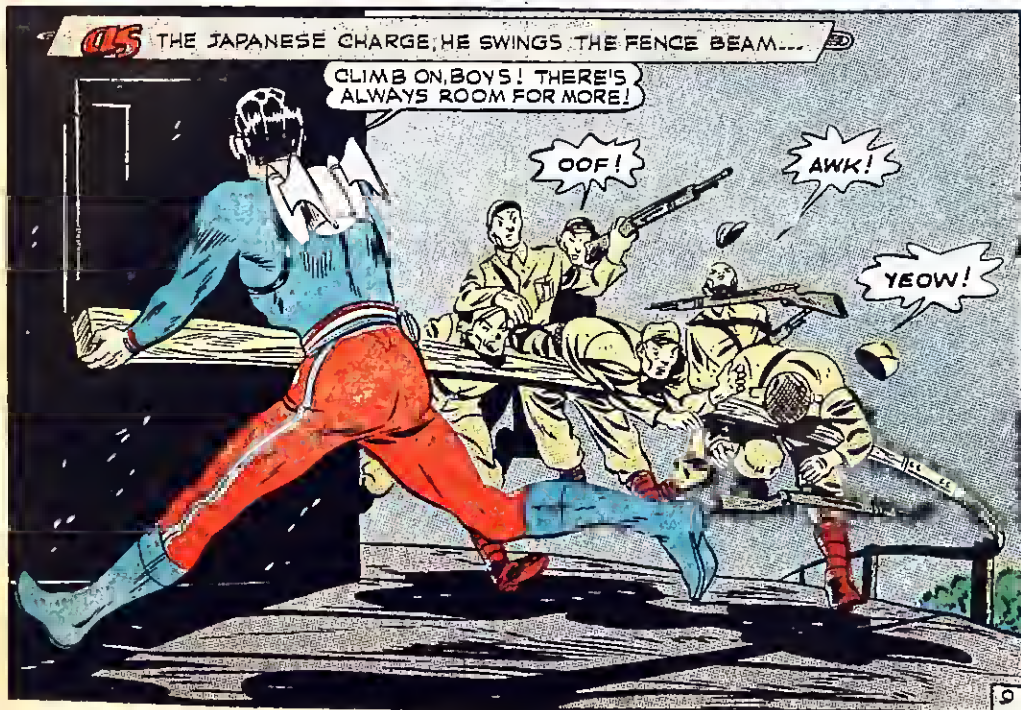
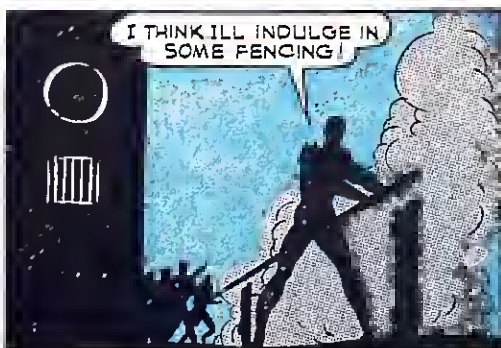


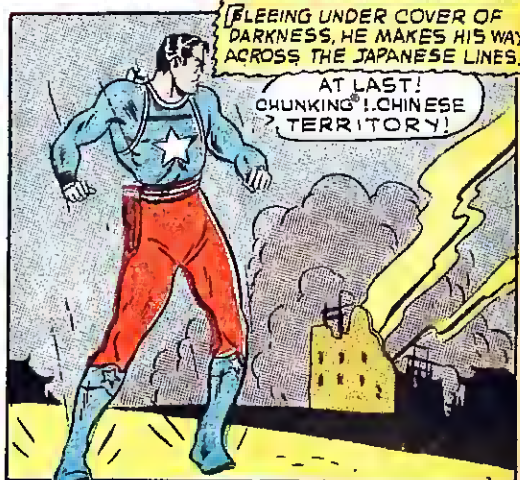
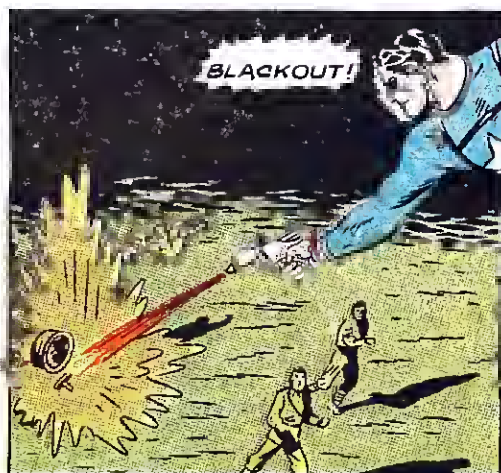
THIS ISN'T WAR... IT'S A PICNIC!



GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU!





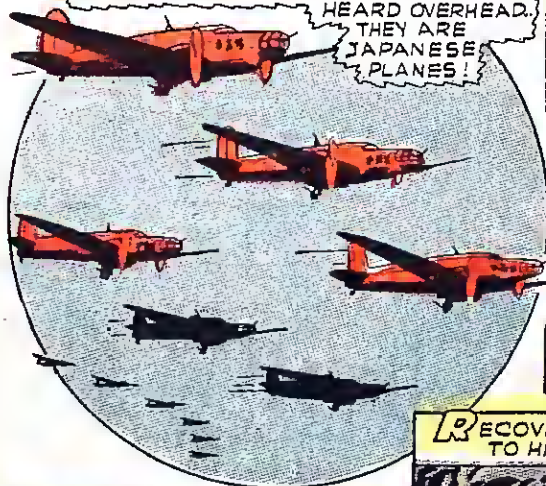




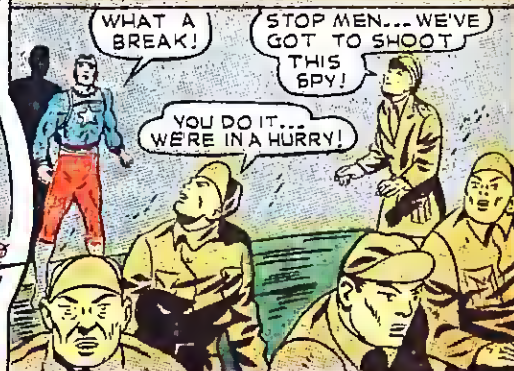
CAPTAIN BATTLE IS LED TO A WALL...
A FIRING SQUAD IS FORMED...



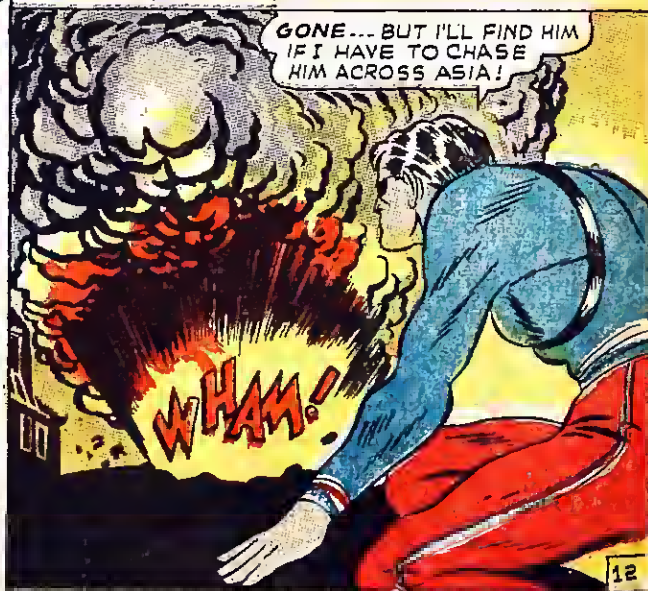
BUT BEFORE HATSUKA CAN GIVE THE ORDER
TO FIRE... THE ROAR OF MOTORS IS
HEARD OVERHEAD.
THEY ARE
JAPANESE
PLANES!



THERE IS A LOUD BLAST... A FLASH...
IT'S A BOMBING RAID! THE FIRING
SQUAD WHIRLS...



RECOVERING HIS SENSES, BATTLE STAGGERS
TO HIS FEET TO FIND...



ENRAGED... HATSUKA SEIZES
A FALLEN GUN... PRESSES THE
TRIGGER... BUT IT JAMS!



TOKO JAPANESE WAR MACHINE
PURVEYER OF CULTURE, COMES
TO BRING A NEW ORDER TO THE
CHINESE "BARBARIANS", AND IF
SOME CHINESE DIE IN THE
PROCESS... THAT, AS THE JAPS
WOULD SAY,... IS "TOO BAD!"

CRASH!

DOWN ZOOM FIGHTING
PLANES, GUNS SPURTING,
AS THEY STRAFE HELP-
LESS CITIZENS!

MOST
AMUSING!

MOST AMUSING INDEED!

AGHR!

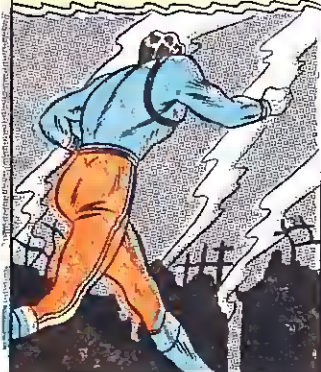
Meanwhile, HATSUKA
GLARES UPWARD...

THE FOOLS! THEY WOULD
ATTACK JUST WHEN I WAS
GETTING RID OF THAT SPY!

[FOR REPLY, ANOTHER BOMB
DROPS... TOO CLOSE TO
HATSUKA FOR COMFORT!

I'D
BETTER
DUCK INTO
THIS
CELLAR!

OBVIOUS TO THE DEATH THAT RAINS FROM THE SKY, CAPTAIN BATTLE CONTINUES HIS HUNT FOR HATSUKA!



SUDDENLY...HE WHIRLS AT THE SOUND OF A POIGNANT CRY...

HELP! HELP!
MY BABY!

HER HOME'S BEEN
HIT! I'LL HAVE
TO GET THEM
OUT OF THIS!

お母さん、赤ちゃん、早く逃がしてあげて

逃げ



BUT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE STARTS TOWARD THE WOMAN...



HE FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE...



POOR THING!
SHE'S DYING!
BUT THE KID
SEEMS OKAY!

FORGET ME...
AND SAVE MY BABY!
SOME DAY, HE TOO
CAN FIGHT TO FREE
CHINA!!

WITH THE BABY IN HIS ARMS,
BATTLE HEADS FOR AN
AIR RAID SHELTER... HE
REACHES IT UNSCATHED!

THANK YOU...
WE ARE VERY
GRATEFUL!

IT WAS A
PLEASURE!



BATTLE TURNS... HIS EYE FALLS ON... HATSUKA!

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

YOU MEAN, THERE I WAS!



HE CHASES HIM ALL THE WAY INTO NO-MAN'S LAND.

I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF!



THE LIEUTENANT WHO ARRESTED BATTLE SEES THE CHASE AND-

THERE'S THAT SPY, BATTLE.. SHOOT HIM!

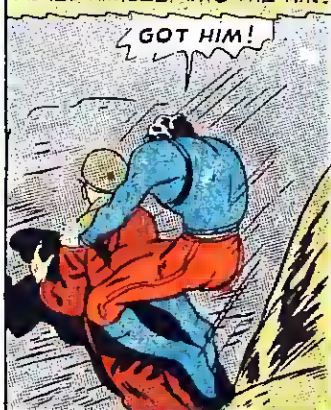


THE CHINESE SOLDIERS LET GO A FUSILLADE!



DODGING BULLETS... BATTLE HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR!

GOT HIM!



CL LOOPING RIGHT KNOCKS HATSUKA'S MAKEUP OFF!

OWW!

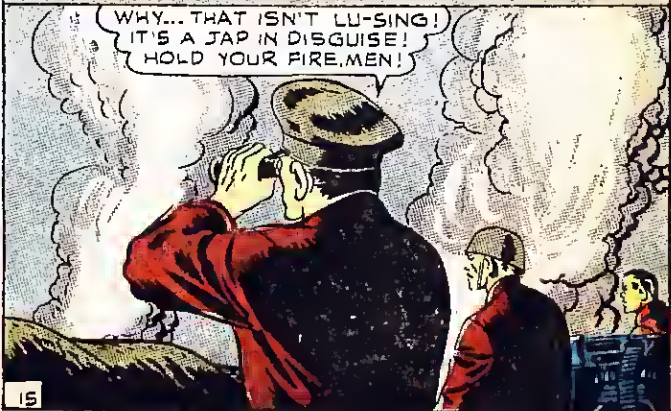


HERE'S ONE FOR CHINA!



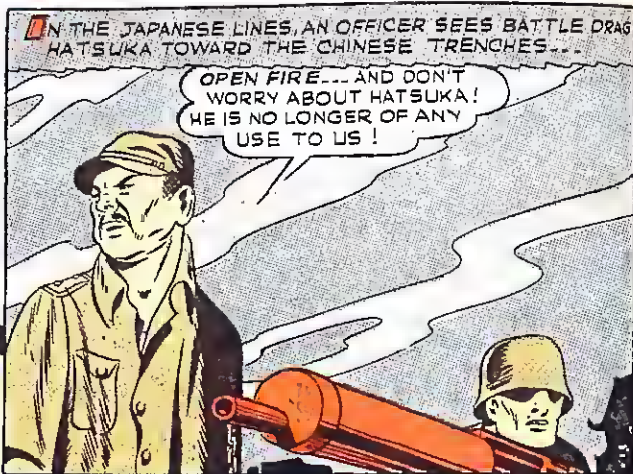
meanwhile... IN THE CHINESE TRENCH...

WHY... THAT ISN'T LU-SING!
IT'S A JAP IN DISGUISE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!





LET'S GO 'HATSIE'!

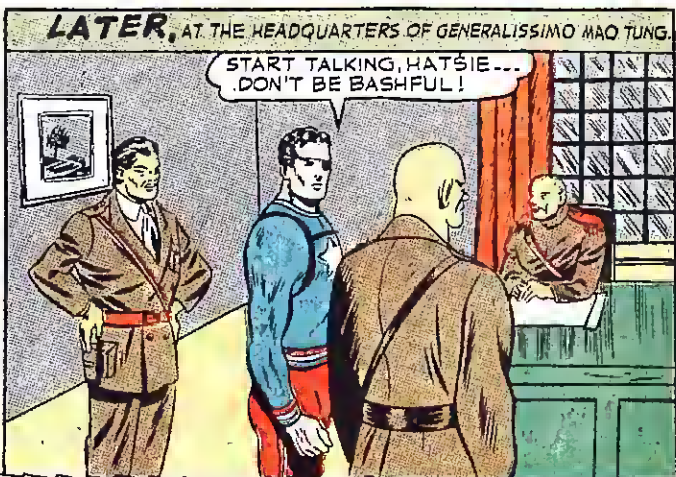


IN THE JAPANESE LINES, AN OFFICER SEES BATTLE DRAG HATSIKA TOWARD THE CHINESE TRENCHES...

OPEN FIRE... AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT HATSIKA! HE IS NO LONGER OF ANY USE TO US!



BATTLE DRAGS HIS PRISONER TO SAFETY....



LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALISSIMO MAO TUNG.

START TALKING, HATSIE... DON'T BE BASHFUL!

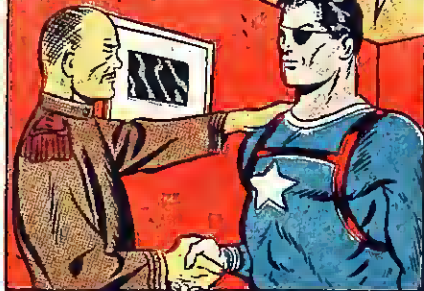
I CAME TO KIDNAP THE HONORABLE GENERAL... AND I WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED BUT FOR THIS AMERICAN MEDDLER!



AFTER HATSIKA IS LED TO PRISON.

YOU HAVE DONE A GREAT SERVICE FOR ME AND CHINA! I GIVE YOU MY HEARTFELT THANKS!

YOU'RE WELCOME, GENERAL! IF YOU NEED ME, JUST DROP ME A LINE!



FOLLOW
THE ONE AND ONLY
**CAPTAIN
BATTLE**
IN FAST-MOVING
EXCITING ADVENTURES
EXCLUSIVELY IN
**SILVER STREAK
COMICS**
EVERY MONTH!

Captain

BATTLE

CAPTAIN BATTLE, FAMOUS HERO OF WORLD WAR I, LOST AN EYE WHILE FIGHTING HANO TO HAND IN CHATEAU THIERRY. RETURNING HOME, HE DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EVIL! HIS MANY SECRET INVENTIONS, WIDE KNOWLEDGE AND AMAZING STRENGTH FORM AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION! DEFENDER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, CAPTAIN BATTLE IS AMERICA'S HERO! THE IDOL OF THE NATION'S YOUTH!

CHICAGO... TEEMING METROPOLIS, WHICH RID ITSELF OF THE NATION'S WORST RACKET MOBS... AGAIN HITS THE FRONT PAGE AS CAPTAIN BATTLE, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM'S CAUSE, PITS HIMSELF AGAINST A SINISTER GROUP OF MEN WHO APPROPRIATELY CALL THEMSELVES THE F.F.F. (FIRE, FORCE AND FEAR!) THEY ARE THE DREAD ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE, AS THE FEARFUL SHADOW OF THE F.F.F. LOOMS OVER THE CITY... A GROUP OF MEN GATHER ON THE NORTH SIDE...

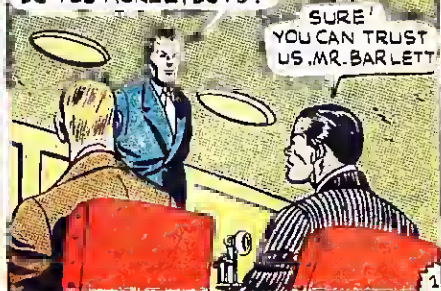
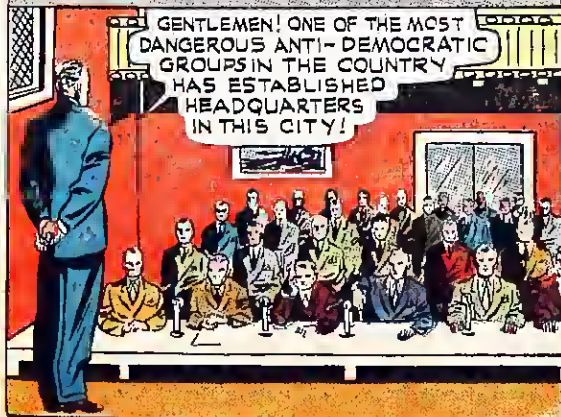
BRISTOL BARLETT, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR PRESERVATION OF DEMOCRACY, ADDRESSES THE MEETING OF WORRIED PATRIOTS.

GENTLEMEN! ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS ANTI-DEMOCRATIC GROUPS IN THE COUNTRY HAS ESTABLISHED HEADQUARTERS IN THIS CITY!

BARLETT PAUSES TO ASK THE REPORTERS A FAVOR... AMONG THEM IS KELLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE'S NEWSPAPER PAL...

WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY NOW, MUST BE WITHHELD FROM PUBLICATION... FOR OUR COUNTRY'S SAKE! DO YOU AGREE, BOYS?

SURE! YOU CAN TRUST US, MR. BARLETT.



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE CHICAGO HOODED LEAGUE HAS BRANCHES IN ALL MAJOR CITIES, CALLING THEMSELVES THE FFF, AND THEIR LEADER'S NAME IS...



As the chairman is about to make his startling disclosure, the lights go out!

WHAT TH'?

FIND THE SWITCH!

I'VE GOT IT, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK!

Suddenly a needle of light pierces the darkness... slowly it moves across the faces of the audience...

WHAT'S THIS... A GAG?

IT'S COMING FROM THE BALCONY!



...AND STOPS ABRUPTLY ON BARLETT'S FACE!

HEY! CUT OUT THAT LIGHT!



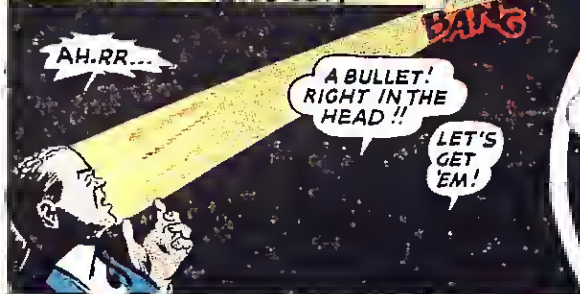
OR ONE OMINOUS MOMENT, THE LIGHT LINGERS ON THE PATRIOT'S FACE... THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT!

AH.RR...

A BULLET! RIGHT IN THE HEAD!!

LET'S GET 'EM!

BANG



But, the door leading to the balcony opens... revealing, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

TOO LATE, BUT NOT TOO LATE TO GET THE KILLER!



CAPTAIN BATTLE DISCERNES A STRANGE, GREEN HOODED FIGURE... WITH A LOOPING SWING, HE GOES INTO ACTION!

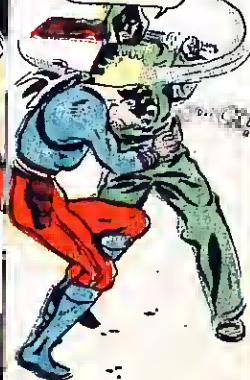
SWEET DREAMS RAT!

YEOW!



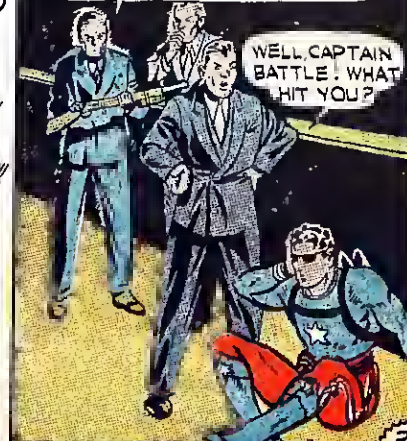
But THE HOODED MAN RECOVERS AND VICIOUSLY SWINGS THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE!

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR DREAMING, FELLOW!



The CUT WIRES ARE FIXED... THE LIGHTS FLASH ON... BUT THE HOODED MAN HAS DISAPPEARED! THIS RIFLE IS EQUIPPED WITH A FLASHLIGHT... LIKE THE ONES USED FOR HUNTING MOOSE AT NIGHT!

WELL, CAPTAIN BATTLE! WHAT HIT YOU?



Suddenly... A MAN AT THE PRESS TABLE DOWNSTAIRS, POINTS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT CAPTAIN BATTLE!

ABSURD! THE KILLER SLUGGED ME WITH THIS GUN!

HE'S THE MURDERER! AND I'M GOING TO SAY SO IN MY PAPER!

SUSPECTED OF THE SLAYING, THE CAPTAIN MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU! SEE YOU LATER, KELLY!



NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST! YOU'VE GOT 'JAIL' WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU!

HAVING PHONED THE STORY TO HIS OFFICE, KELLY GOES TO THE HOTEL LOBBY WHERE HE MEETS CAPTAIN BATTLE'S SECRETARY.

GOSH! HE WOULD KNOCK THE POLICE FORCE AROUND! THAT GUY IS TROUBLE!

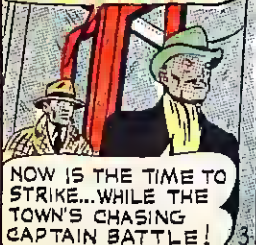
YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN! EXCUSE ME! I SEE A MAN, I DON'T LIKE! I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY!



AS KELLY FOLLOWS THOMPSON, CAPTAIN BATTLE HAVING DONNED CIVILIAN CLOTHES, STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...

KELLY TRAILS THE NEWS-PAPERMAN WHO ACCUSED THE CAPTAIN OF BARLET T'S MURDER.

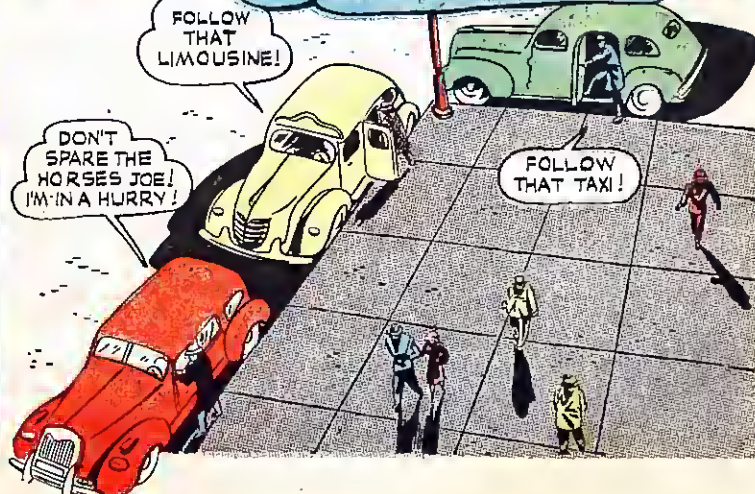
I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S THOMPSON, EDITOR OF MID-WEST NATIONALIST... A PAPER THAT LIKES THE WAY HITLER DOES THINGS!



FOLLOW THAT LIMOUSINE!

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES JOE! I'M IN A HURRY!

FOLLOW THAT TAXI!



STEPPING INTO THE LIMOUSINE, THOMPSON GETS A SHOCK!

WHAT TH... MAJOR DAVIS?

IF MY MAKEUP FOOLED YOU, IT OUGHT TO FOOL THE ARMY!



BOB STEWART! PERFECT! BUT, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAJOR?

HE REPOSES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHICAGO RIVER! I SUPPOSE YOU GOT RID OF BARLETT?



BOB STEWART, AN AIDE OF THOMPSON'S, HAS KILLED THE MAJOR AND IN DISGUISE, IS TAKING HIS PLACE!

AS HE PICKS UP A SHORT-WAVE RADIO MICROPHONE... THOMPSON EXPLAINS...

I HAD TO WORK FAST... RUNNING TO THE PRESS TABLE FROM BALCONY WAS HARD ENOUGH, BUT THAT CAPTAIN BATTLE ALMOST UPSET MY PLANS!... CALLING ALL LEAGUE CARS...



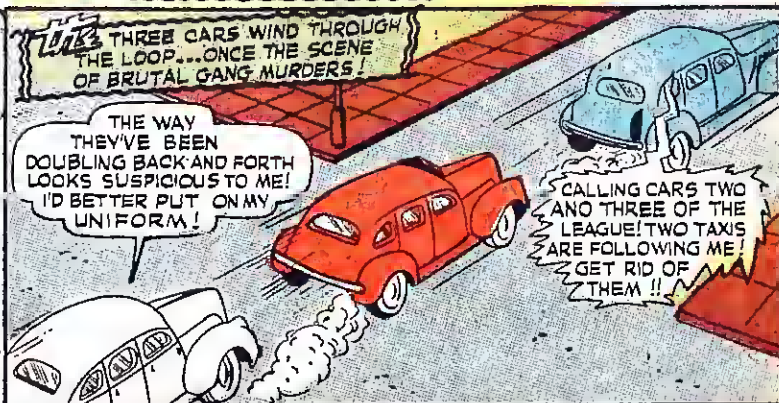
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I THOUGHT THE UPRISING STARTS TOMORROW.

CALLING THE LEAGUE! ATTENTION! YOUR LEADER SPEAKS! STRIKE NOW! FRAME THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC LEADERS... SMASH CHURCHES! AND UNIONS! SPREAD TERROR! SHOW NO MERCY...



LIKE THREE CARS WIND THROUGH THE LOOP... ONCE THE SCENE OF BRUTAL GANG MURDERS!

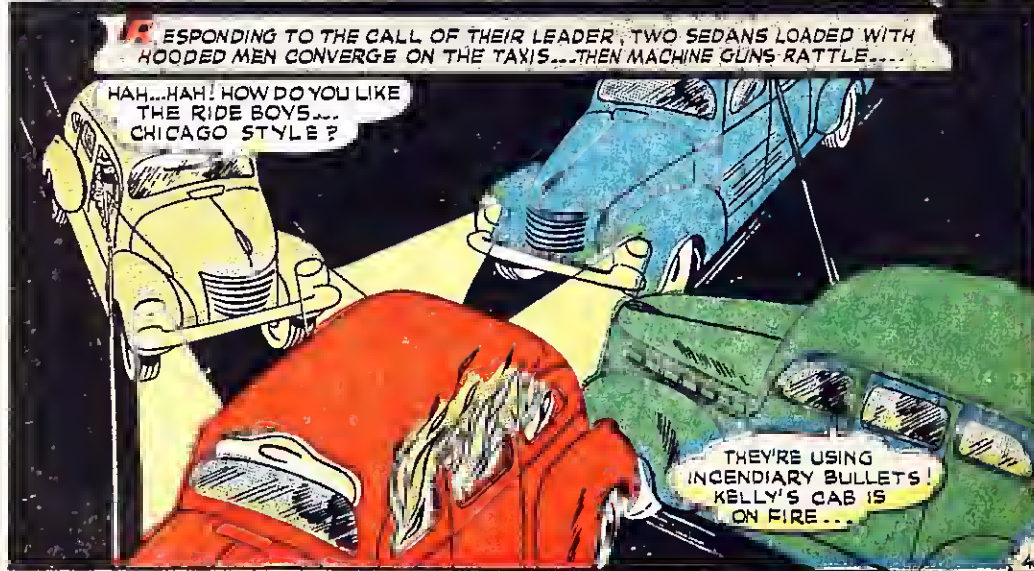
THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN DOUBLING BACK AND FORTH LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME! I'D BETTER PUT ON MY UNIFORM!



CALLING CARS TWO AND THREE OF THE LEAGUE! TWO TAXIS ARE FOLLOWING ME! GET RID OF THEM!!

RESPONDING TO THE CALL OF THEIR LEADER, TWO SEDANS LOADED WITH HOODED MEN CONVERGE ON THE TAXIS... THEN MACHINE GUNS RATTLE...

HAH... HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE BOYS... CHICAGO STYLE?



THEY'RE USING INCENDIARY BULLETS! KELLY'S CAB IS ON FIRE...

CAPTAIN BATTLE RUSHES TO AID KELLY!

OUR HOODED PALS
ARE SCRAMMING! GUESS I
OUGHT TO THANK YOU... BUT
I WON'T, TILL I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE!

SOME DAY!
SAY!
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE!

LOOKS LIKE THE LEAGUE
HAS STARTED ITS DIRTY
WORK! WE MUST STOP IT'S
SPREAD ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

I'LL CALL MY
OFFICE! SEE
YOU LATER!

BLAM!

DISGUISED AS HONEST RAILROAD WORKERS, A
GANG OF HOODED MEN PLANT A BOMB ON THE
TRACKS OF THE ELITE EXPLODES WITH A ROAR...
A STRING OF CARS PLUNGE INTO THE STREET THE WORK-
MEN ARE BLAMED AS THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS...

HOODED MEN POUR INTO THE STREET... THE
DECENT CITIZENS ARE COWED! SUCH SCENES
ARE DUPLICATED THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

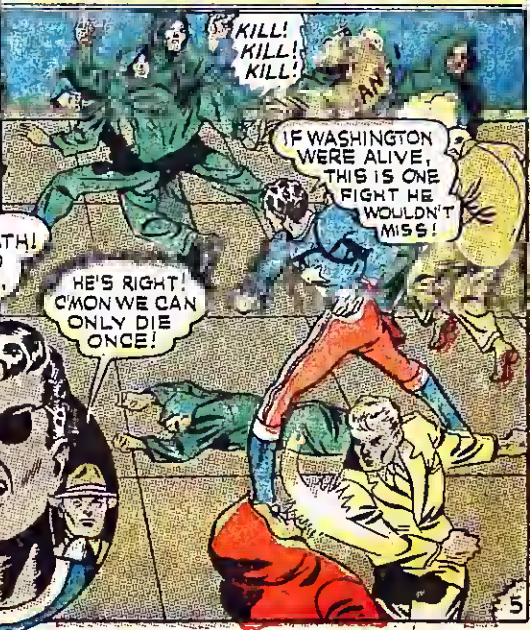
DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY
UP WITH FASCISM!



WE SURRENDER...
I'D RATHER WEAR A HOOD
THAN A WOODEN BOX!

THEY'LL CHAIN
YOU WITH LIVING DEATH!
ALL THOSE WHO
LOVE FREEDOM,
FOLLOW ME!

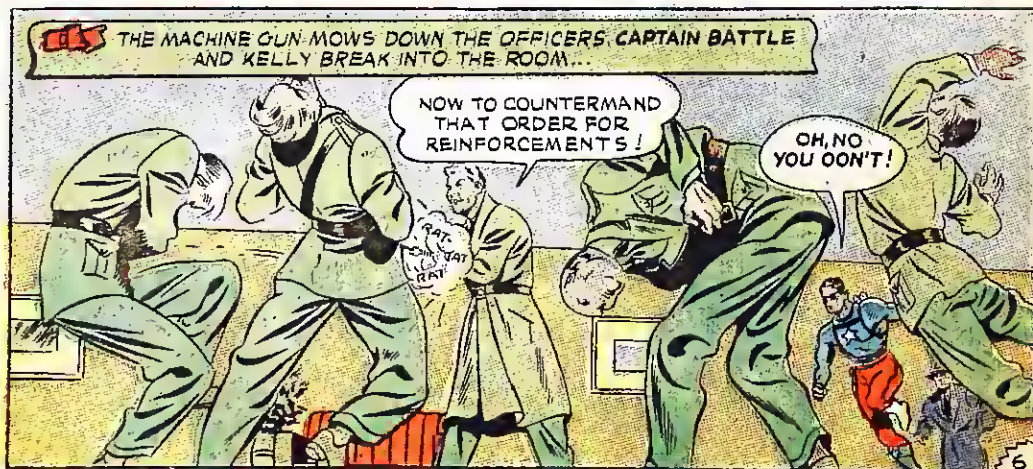
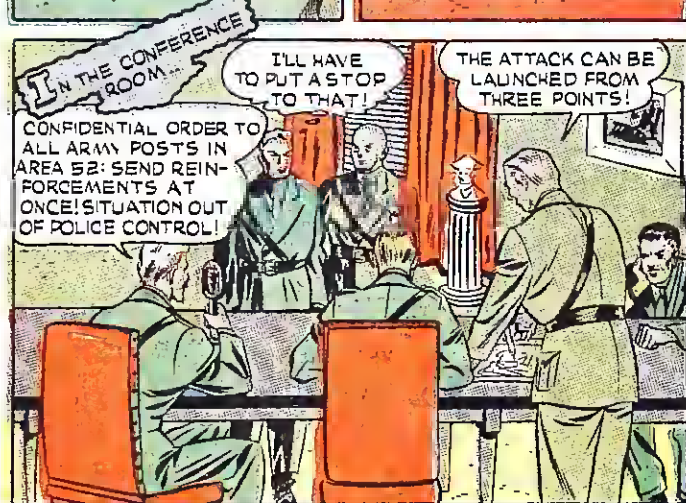
THE CAPTAIN'S CLARION CALL INSPIRES THE MEN
WITH SWINGING FISTS AND FEARLESS HEARTS
THEY CHARGE THE HOODED MEN!

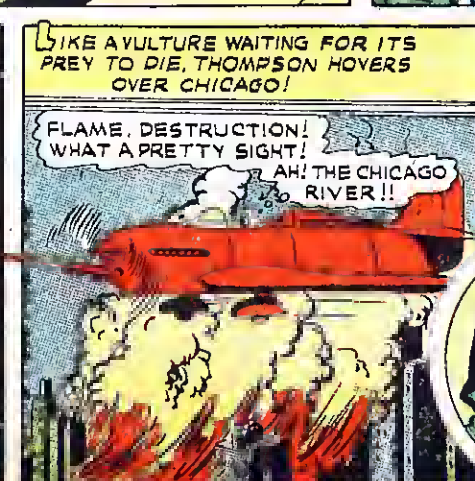
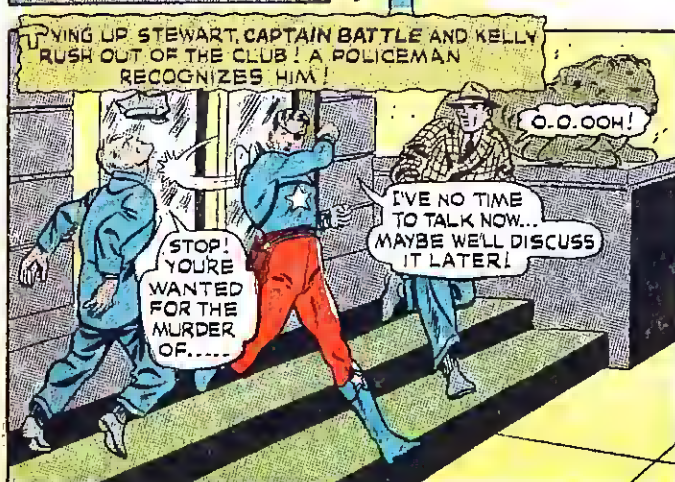


KILL!
KILL!
KILL!

IF WASHINGTON
WERE ALIVE,
THIS IS ONE
FIGHT HE
WOULDN'T
MISS!

HE'S RIGHT!
C'MON WE CAN
ONLY DIE
ONCE!





Q TREMENDOUS SERIES OF BLASTS SHAKE THE CITY! THE HOODED MEN CONTINUE THEIR SLAUGHTER... BUT THE EMBATTLED PEOPLE OFFER A STOUT RESISTANCE. OVER THIS SCENE OF TERROR AND DEATH FLIES THE GLOATING THOMPSON, THE MAN WHO WOULD RULE AMERICA!

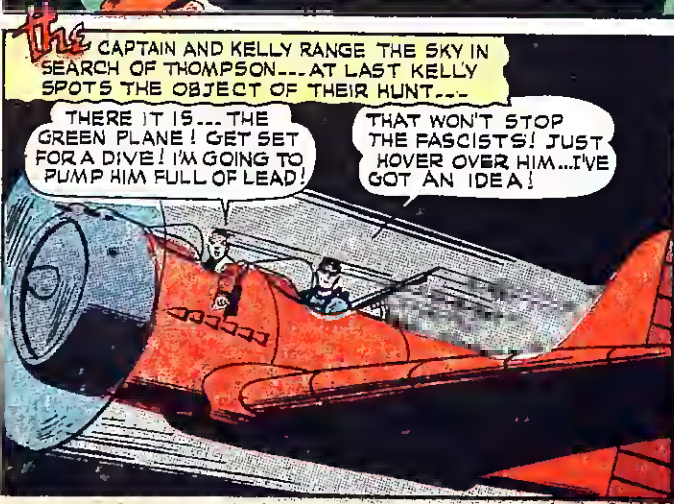
HA! HA! HA!
KILL! KILL!
KILL!

BOOM!

WHAM!

MERCY!
MERCY!

THE LEADER
SAID: SHOW NO
MERCY!



the CAPTAIN AND KELLY RANGE THE SKY IN SEARCH OF THOMPSON... AT LAST KELLY SPOTS THE OBJECT OF THEIR HUNT...

THERE IT IS... THE GREEN PLANE! GET SET FOR A DIVE! I'M GOING TO PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD!

THAT WON'T STOP THE FASCISTS! JUST HOVER OVER HIM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



THEIR PLANE SWOOPS DOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BOARD HIM IN MID-AIR!

WHAT TH'?

The CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS
THE MOST DANGEROUS FEAT
IN AERIAL STUNTING!

HURRAY FOR THE
MAN ON THE
FLYING TRAPEZE!

BUT THOMPSON HAS ANOTHER
NOTION...

I DON'T LIKE
INTRUDERS, MISTER!
TAKE A WALK!

MISSED ME! AS A
SHARPSHOOTER,
HE'D MAKE A
SWELL
BUM!

IF THOMPSON
TAKES A NOTION
TO BANK OR DIVE,
I'LL MISS...I'D RATHER
NOT USE MY LUCEFLYERS!

**YOU
RAT!**

GRABBING THE GUN.....THE
CAPTAIN BARKS AN ORDER...

BEFORE THOMPSON CAN FIRE
AGAIN, THE CAPTAIN LUNGES...

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL
MELT YOU INTO
A JELLO
PUDDING....

YEOW!

CALL YOUR PALS AND
TELL THEM THEY'RE BEATEN!
TELL THEM TO RETREAT!

CALLING THE LEAGUE!
CEASE FIRING...WE'VE
LOST! REPORT
AT ONCE TO
HEADQUARTERS!

A CIVILIAN PATRIOT AND A POLICE
SERGEANT IN A PATROL
CAR, PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S
VOICE...

CALLING ALL POLICE CARS AND
FRIENDS OF DEMOCRACY...
PROCEED TO THE NATIONALIST
BUILDING! THE HOODED MEN
WILL BE FALLING BACK THERE!
LONG LIVE DEMOCRACY!

HE'S RIGHT! ALL THE
SHOOTING'S STOPPED!
LET'S GO!

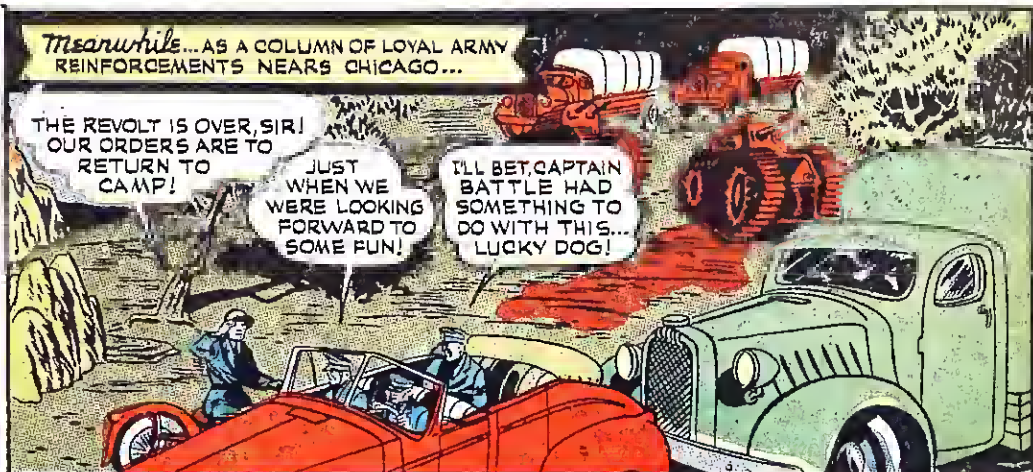
LEARNING THE LOCATION OF THE LEAGUE
HEADQUARTERS, THE CAPTAIN TWIRLS
THE DIAL TO POLICE WAVE LENGTH AND...

Meanwhile......AS A COLUMN OF LOYAL ARMY REINFORCEMENTS NEARS CHICAGO...

THE REVOLT IS OVER, SIR! OUR ORDERS ARE TO RETURN TO CAMP!

JUST WHEN WE WERE LOOKING FORWARD TO SOME FUN!

I'LL BET, CAPTAIN BATTLE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS... LUCKY DOG!

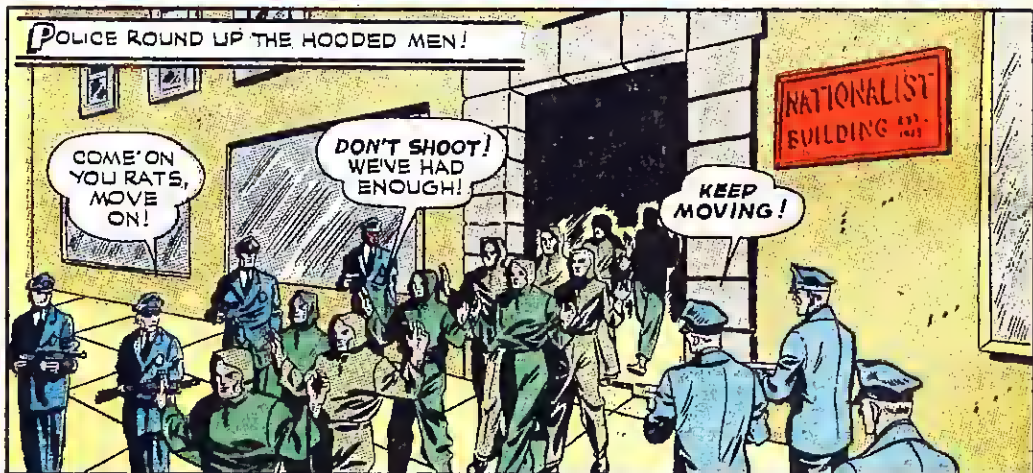


POLICE ROUND UP THE HOODED MEN!

COME ON YOU RATS, MOVE ON!

DON'T SHOOT! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!

KEEP MOVING!

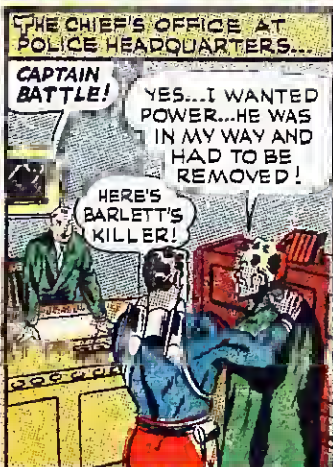


THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

CAPTAIN BATTLE!

YES...I WANTED POWER...HE WAS IN MY WAY AND HAD TO BE REMOVED!

HERE'S BARLETT'S KILLER!



Zotz...AT THE HOTEL...

DON'T ASK ME! WHEN THE EXCITEMENT STARTED, I KNOCKED ON HIS DOOR...THERE WAS NO ANSWER SO I SPENT THE LAST FEW HOURS IN THE CELLAR WITH THE OTHER GUESTS!



THE CAPTAIN APPEARS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES...

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

HO! HUM! JUST SLEEPING...WHY? ANYTHING HAPPEN?

???



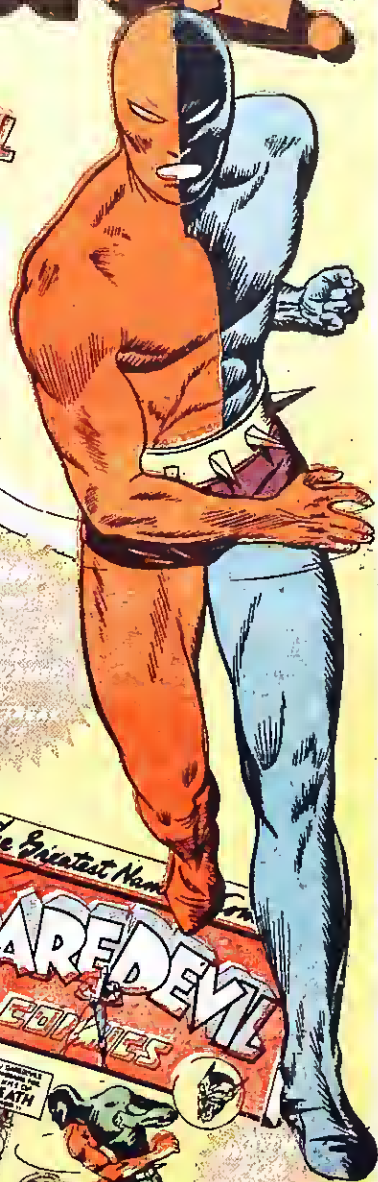
FOLLOW
CAPTAIN BATTLE'S
Explains IT! **SILVERSTREAK**
COMICS EVERY MONTH!

SENSATIONAL!

AT LAST!
DAREDEVIL
 AT HIS BEST
 IN HIS OWN
 COMIC BOOK!

NEW DAREDEVIL COMICS

12
 SMASH
 FEATURES!



THE MOST SENSATIONAL CAST OF COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS EVER ASSEMBLED—STARRING DAREDEVIL HIMSELF—AND, INCLUDING—

THE LAW
 WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN!

MORE RUTHLESS AND CUNNING THAN EVER BEFORE IS THIS MASTER OF DESTRUCTION IN HIS DAZED INSANED SCHEMES TO CONQUER AMERICA!

REAL AMERICAN #1

SON OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT YOUNG LAWYER, BECOMES THE DROWNER TERROR—BRINGING TO JUSTICE THE EVIL FORCES THAT HARASS HIS PEOPLE!

THE WHIRLWIND

DECKLESS TERRY TURNER, YOUNG LUNGEON, COMES FORTH TO HARBOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CRIMINAL!

THE PIONEER CHAMPION OF AMERICA

NIGHTRO
 THE STREAMLINED ROBINHOOD!

Also
 FEATURING
 SUCH SPECTACULAR
 NEW STORIES AS:
 PAT PATRIOT
 LEADER OF YOUNG
 AMERICA!
 DASH DUNBAR
 THRILLING SCHOOLBOY
 STORY!

The Greatest Name
DAREDEVIL
 New COMICS

AND MANY OTHER FEATURES

0th

GET IT QUICK ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!



NIGHT, the velvet night of the African jungle, fell like a cloak over Rombasa. From the camouflaged airport on the outskirts of the village came a low hum. It swelled to a roar. Transport planes, loaded with German soldiers, were thundering upward.

• *By Jay Diger* •

Captain Battle, concealed by the shadow of a tree on the edge of the forest, paused to look up at the grey cigar-like shapes of the big Junkers. "Heading east!" he said to himself. "I wonder . . ." He broke off suddenly . . . "I've got more to do than worry about German planes. They've got Lance Hale in the jug—and I've got to get him out somehow.

Suddenly there came the scrape of a heavy boot. A Nazi sentry was approaching. Noiselessly, Battle withdrew, becoming part of the jungle.

The Jungle could talk—and Lance Hale knew how to make it speak—when Captain Battle had to send his warning to the British under attack . . .

"Thought I saw something moving here!" the soldier said, half-aloud. "Guess it was some animal!"

Rifle on shoulder, he turned. Then Battle leaped, fist swinging. It caught the sentry square on the chin. Without a word the sentry slumped to the ground. Battle smiled grimly. "Hmm—just about my size!" He dragged the limp figure into the jungle. A few minutes later he emerged—in the grey uniform of the sentry.

LANCE HALE, soldier of fortune, stared dully at the floor of his cell in the mud jail of Rombasa, and waited for the dawn. The previous night, as he stole toward the hut of the Nazi commandant in search of information for the British Secret Service, he had been captured . . . He was to die on the morrow . . . Suddenly he raised his eyes.

The cell door had opened. Before him stood the turnkey, a sour smile on his rat-face. Beside him was a German soldier. "They are going to execute you in a little while, ahead of schedule," the turnkey said.

Lance rose slowly from his coat. "Okay—I'm ready."

The soldier led him into the almost deserted street. A wild idea of escape flashed through Lance's brain, but the soldier seemed to divine the thought. "I wouldn't if I were you," he said, raising his gun. He seemed to be smiling.

To Lance it seemed they had been walking hours, but they were only on the edge of the jungle. "Well, where's the firing squad?" he demanded. "Let's get it over with!"

"Don't be a sap," the soldier said. Lance's eyes popped as the other took off his helmet. "Captain Battle!—well, I'll be—!"

"I was told you might be in custody. Learn anything?"

Plenty. The Nazis are going to blitz-Dibya, the British base, tomorrow morning. Surprise attack!"

Battle's jaw fell. "It's a five hundred mile trip—but the lucefylers ought to get us there!" He whipped off the grey tunic, revealing the familiar rocket mechanism on his back. "Grab my arm!"

Flame flashed from the rocket as Battle and Lance roared into the air. "It won't be long now!" Lance said, smiling. But he was wrong. For from below came the rat-tat-tat of an anti-aircraft gun. They had been spotted!

A streak of white tracer bullets cut through the night.

BANG!

"There go the lucefylers!" Battle cried. "We're going to crash into a tree!"

They flung up their arms as the tree rushed up to meet them.

"Off!"

"Yeow!"

Desperately, their hands closed over the welter of branches into which they had fallen. They clung there a moment, panting. Then they descended, faces bleeding, their bodies bruised.

"Now what?" said Battle. "With the lucefylers damaged, we'll never get to Dibya to warn them!"

Lance grinned. "I've got an idea. Come along."

Wondering, Battle followed him into the jungle. Deeper and deeper they went, until the stars disappeared. The jungle now was like a gigantic pit. "Ah—here it is!" Lance whispered tensely. Battle bent closer. "What?"

Lance's hand swept aside a carpet of twigs, revealing a long, hollow log. Beside it lay a club.

"Go ahead," Battle said, "I'll bite!"

For reply, Lance grabbed the club and began to beat the log. BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . Lance straightened up. "Listen!"

From the distance there came an answering Boom—Three times.

"I've got friends among the natives," Lance explained hurriedly. This is the jungle telegraph! They'll relay my message across Africa!" He sank to one knee, and the forest resounded to the eerie sound . . . Boom! BOOM! BOOM!

One hour later, a big native, his body stained with sweat and dust, staggered into the headquarters of the Dibya Division of the British Army of the Nile. Lieut.-Col. Howard Smythe leaped to his feet.

"Somba! . . . What brings you here?"

The big African gasped out a reply. "Jungle Boom-bomb talk . . . It say big force German soldiers headed this way . . . Surprise attack at rising of sun . . . Message from Lance . . ."

"Then Battle must have helped him escape!" Smythe ejaculated. He whirled, picked up a phone. "All leaves cancelled! . . . Radio the fleet for reinforcements . . . Order the women and children into the air-raid shelters . . . We'll give these blitzers a little surprise!"

It was mid-day and the sun was a fiery ball as Battle and Lance pushed on toward Dibya. "We ought to hear from them soon," Lance said . . . "Unless the message got there too late!"

"I hope not! . . . It'd make a massacre!" Battle broke off. . . . "Say! . . . Do you hear what I hear?"

Lance listened intently. A faint smile appeared on his lips. For the silent jungle was speaking.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The jungle said:

"What's the message?" Battle demanded impatiently.

Lance translated the code aloud. "Nazis attacked . . . But Garrison prepared . . . We won thanks to you . . . Cheerio! . . . Smythe!"

The two men grinned at each other, then resumed the weary trek. In the distance the booming faded . . . The jungle had spoken . . .

THE END

THE UNDERCOVER MAN



BY NATHANIEL NITKIN

DENNIS NEVILLE

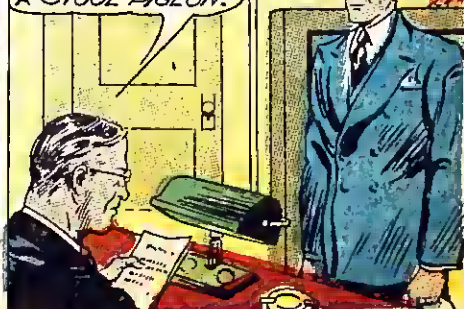
FLOWER LADY, TOUGHIE, SOCIALITE, OR EMIGRANT---NO MATTER UNDER WHAT DISGUISE--PHIL BARROWS WAS FIRST OF ALL A VERY GOOD DETECTIVE. NOBODY KNEW HIM AS THE UNDERCOVER MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT GANGSTERS AND CRIMINALS WOULD DO NEXT!

DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS REPORTS TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD AT CENTRE STREET HEADQUARTERS.

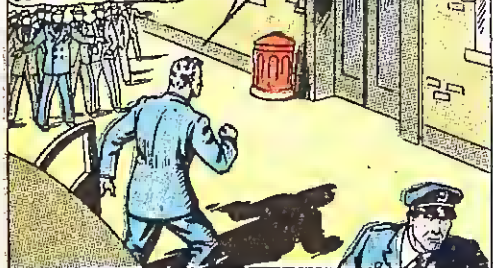
HOWDY, BOYS! HAVE THE OIDS TAKEN YOUR WATCHES YET? WELL, WELL, I'LL LONE WOLVES BE JIGGERED IF IT AIN'T PHIL BARROWS. THE KID THAT MADE GOOD AT 11TH PRECINCT! AIN'T POPULAR HERE, KID?

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN CASSIDY HAS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

YOU, DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS, GO TO THIS ADDRESS. DOPEY BRODY WAS FOUND ... SHOT IN HIS SLEEP. HE WAS A STOOL PIGEON. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!

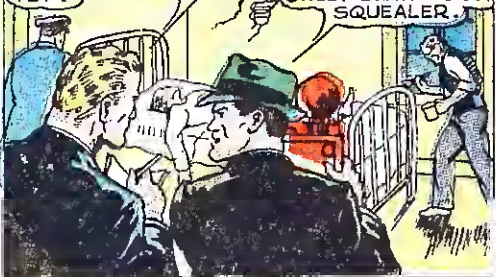


CASSIDY THOUGHT HE COULD GET RID OF ME FOR A SPELL, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM. DOPEY BRODY WAS AT THE D.A.'S TO SQUEAL ON JOE THE SNAKE!



SHOT IN HEART, THROAT, AND HEAD BY .38 BULLETS. HAS THE M.E. BEEN HERE YET?

YEAH, SAID DOPEY. WAS SHOT IN HIS SLEEP ABOUT 2 A.M. SWEET DEATH FOR A SQUEALER.



* MEDICAL EXAMINER

ANY FINGERPRINTS? NOT MUCH. DOPEY LEFT PLENTY. THEN THERE WERE SOME GIRL'S PRINTS, BUT THE KILLERS MUST HAVE WORN GLOVES!



AS PHIL BARROWS IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE SEES EDUARDO DONATI, A POLITICAL WARD HEALER, TALKING TO A ROOKIE POLICEMAN.

DONATI! THIS IS HIS (FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M WARNING YOU NOT TO MAY KNOW SOMETHING PRESS THAT DISORDERLY ABOUT DOPEY'S KILLING! WARRANT ON BUGS HALLORAN!



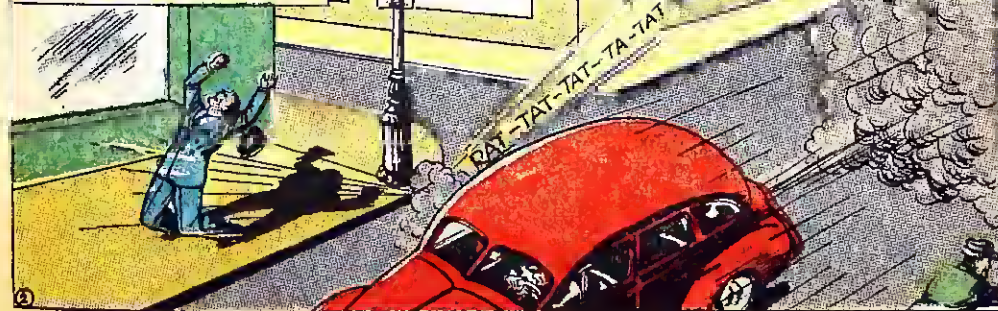
REGAN, YOU KNOW I CAN BREAK YOU. IF YOU DO WHAT I SAY, YOU WILL FIND A BONUS IN YOUR PAY CHECK!



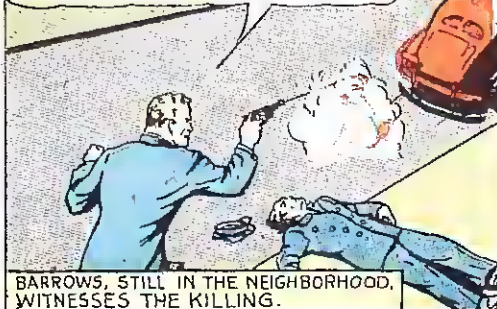
NO CHEAP POLITICIAN CAN BRIBE ME!



LATER IN THE DAY, AS PATROLMAN REGAN WALKS ALONG THE SIDEWALK. A SEDAN PASSES HIM AND

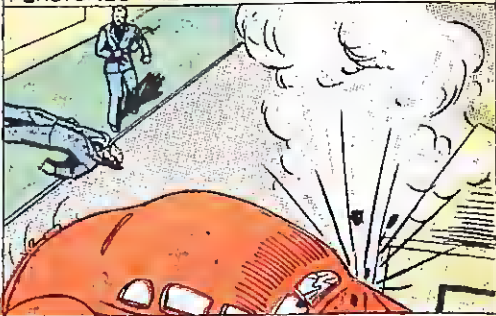


THEY GOT REGAN! I GUESSED RIGHT. DONATI'S LINKED UP WITH THE UNDOERWORLD.

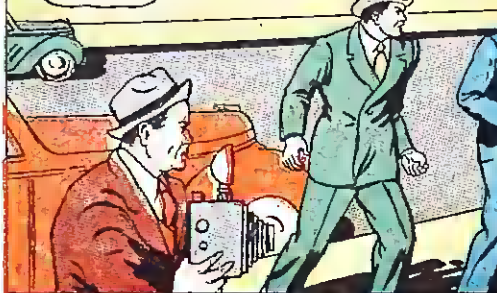


BARROWS, STILL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WITNESSES THE KILLING.

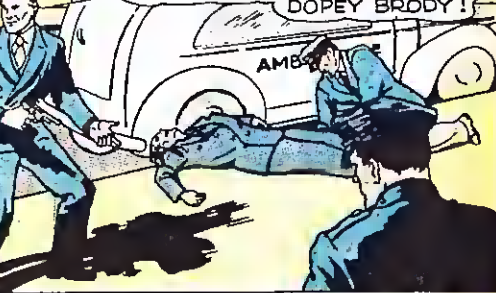
PHIL BARROWS' ACCURATE SHOOTING PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S REAR TIRE.



GOOD WORK, KID, BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



REGAN REFUSED TO BE BRIBED, DONNELLY! PERHAPS IT'S THE SAME GANG THAT BUMPED OFF DOPEY BRODY!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BARROWS! BUT WE NEED PROOF!



I'LL GET THE PROOF!

PHIL RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND TAKES OUT HIS MAKE-UP KIT.

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK!



PHIL EMERGES FROM HIS HOUSE, AN OLD WOMAN CARRYING FLOWERS.

I'LL HAUNT DONATI'S WARD UNTIL I GET A LEAD!

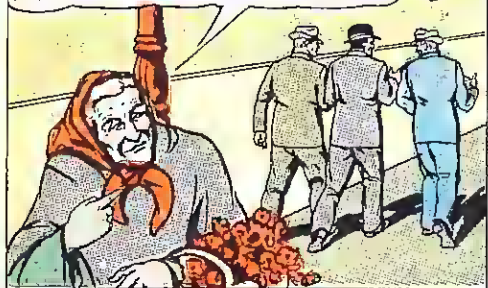


BUY A FLOWER, PLEASE! BUY A FLOWER!

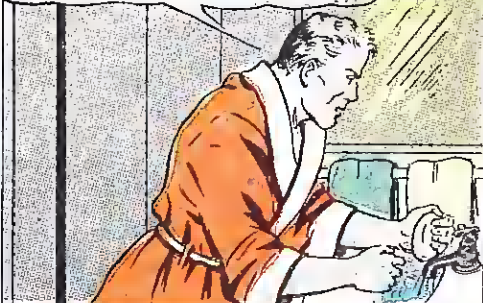
OKAY! GIVE ME A QUARTERS WORTH.



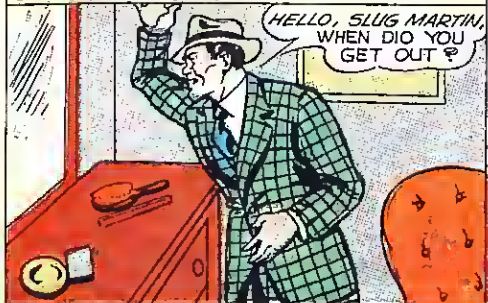
I'M LUCKIER THAN I THOUGHT! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE BUGS HALLORAN AND FATS SCHULTZ! FATS IS A PAL OF JOE THE SNAKE!



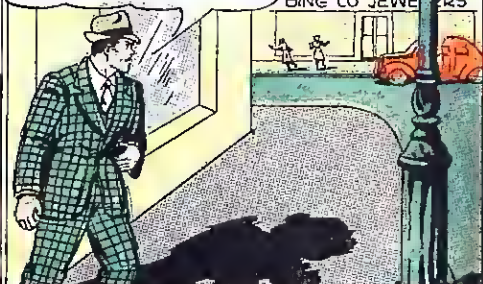
THIS MAKE-UP HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE! NOW, LET'S SEE . . . I HAVE IT!



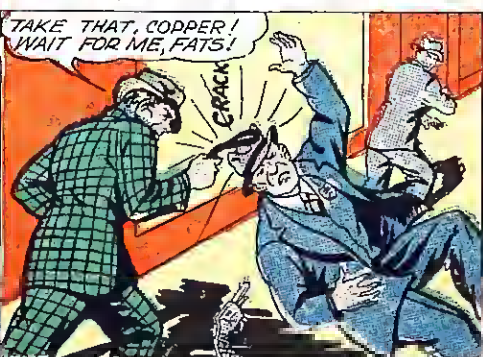
PHIL BECOMES A HARDENED CRIMINAL—A GUNMAN JUST OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.



IF DONATI GIVES FATS PROTECTION, HIS WARD'S THE BEST HUNTING GROUND. HEY—WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?



HALT OR I'LL FIRE!



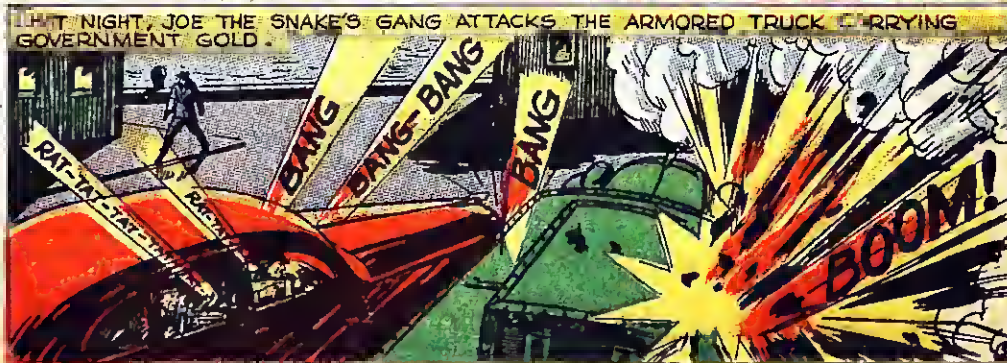
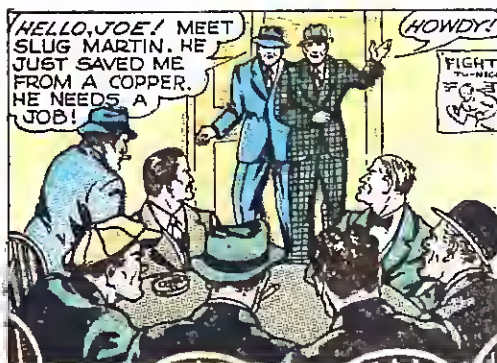
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

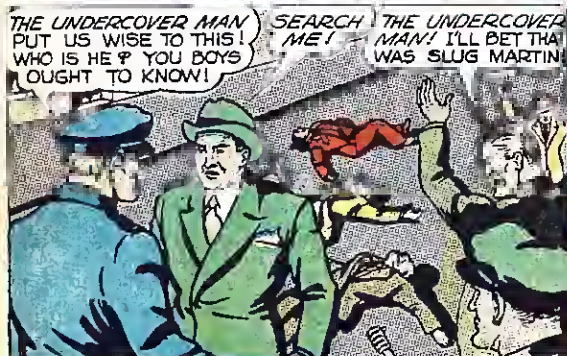
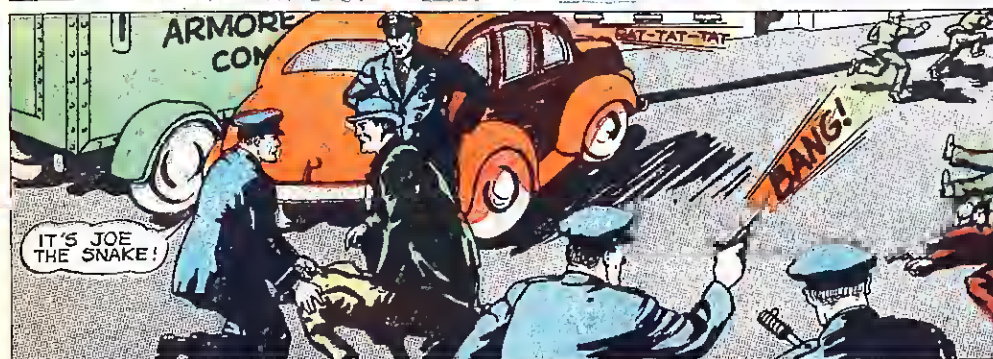
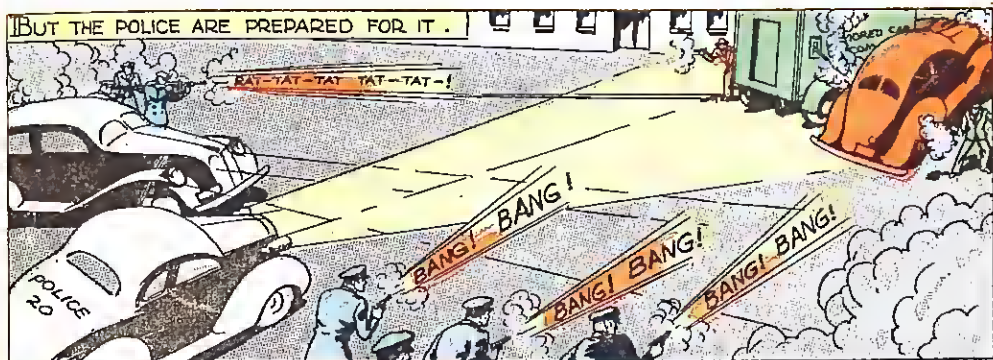
I'M SLUG MARTIN, JUST OUT OF THE BIG HOUSE—AND LOOKIN' FOR WORK!

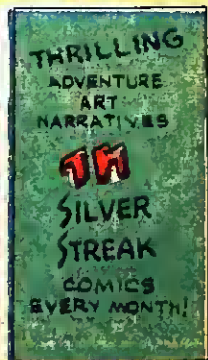
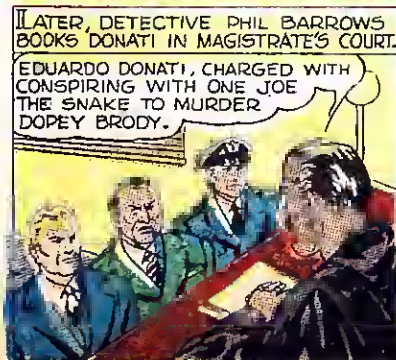
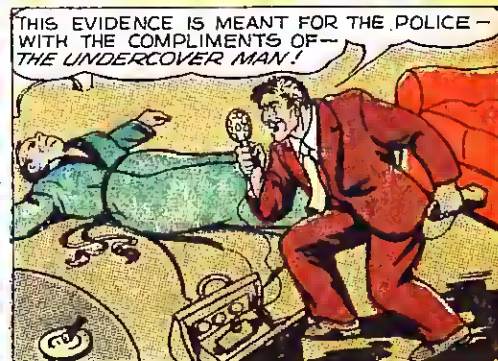
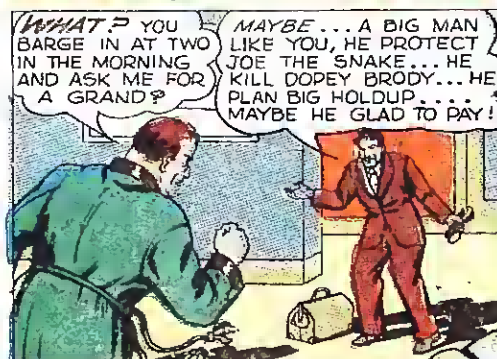
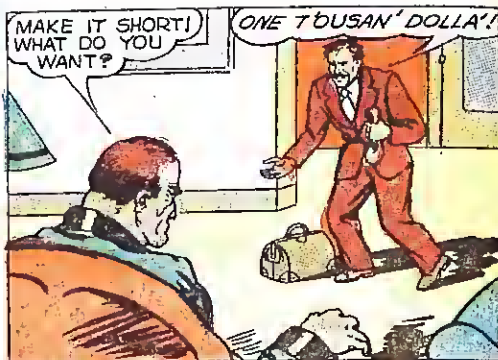


YEAH? WELL YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT FLATFOOT, SO I'LL SPEAK TO JOE THE SNAKE ABOUT GIVING YOU A JOB.









Gunner and Gupey

GUNNER AND GUPEY, JUST TWO ORDINARY AMERICAN BOYS, ONE FROM THE EAST SIDE NEW YORK CITY, ONE FROM THE FARM IN THE MID-WEST. THEY MEET IN A TANK— BECOME PALS IN WORK AND PLAY, SHARING THEIR JOYS AND GRIEFS TOGETHER IN OUR ARMY.

TH' SERGEANT SAID FOR ME TO REPORT TO TANK 13 AND BE THE GUNNER. BUT WHERE AT IS MY DRIVER. TH' DARN THING DON'T RUN BY ITSELF----

---OR DOES IT?

I'VE GOTTA MISERY

OINK-OINK
CHUG-CLANK
BONG-BLUK
ANG-UNG
CLANG--

REPORT TO
TANK
NO. 13

RAT-A
TAT TAT

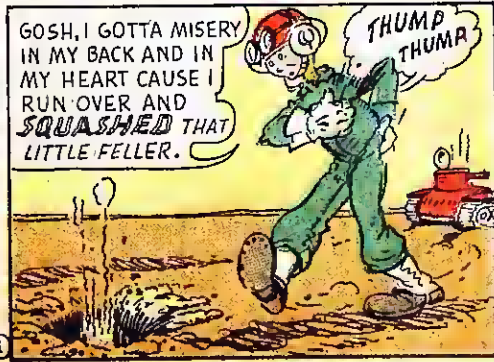
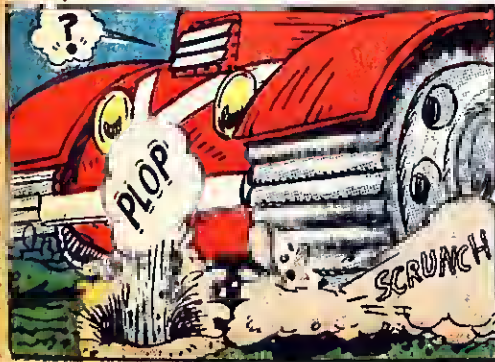
JAW.

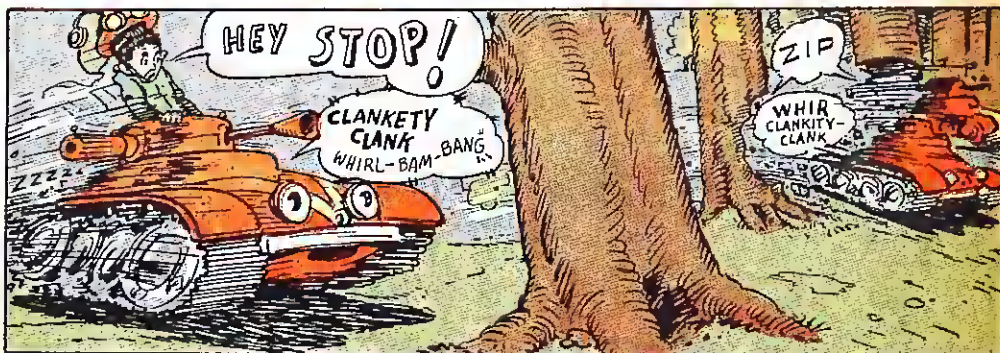
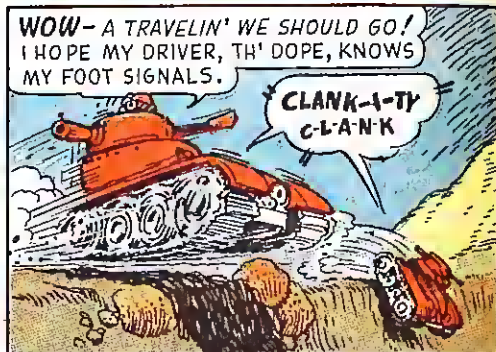
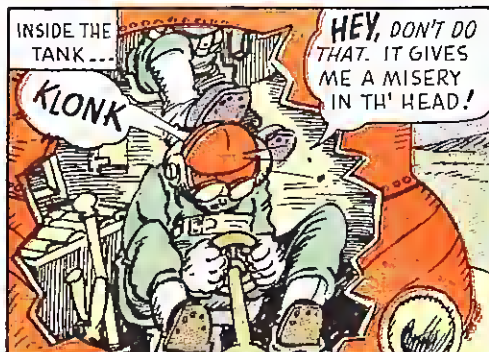
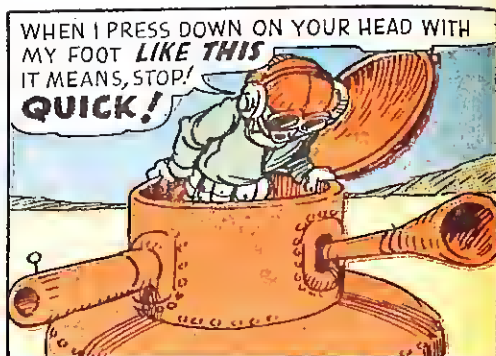
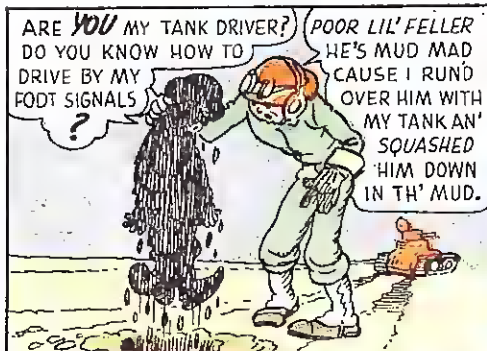
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
I WAS JES FOOLIN!
STOP-STOP! I SAY!
GO BACK.

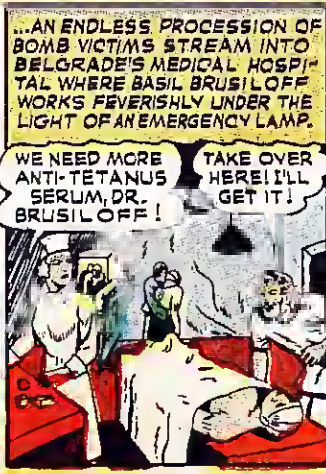
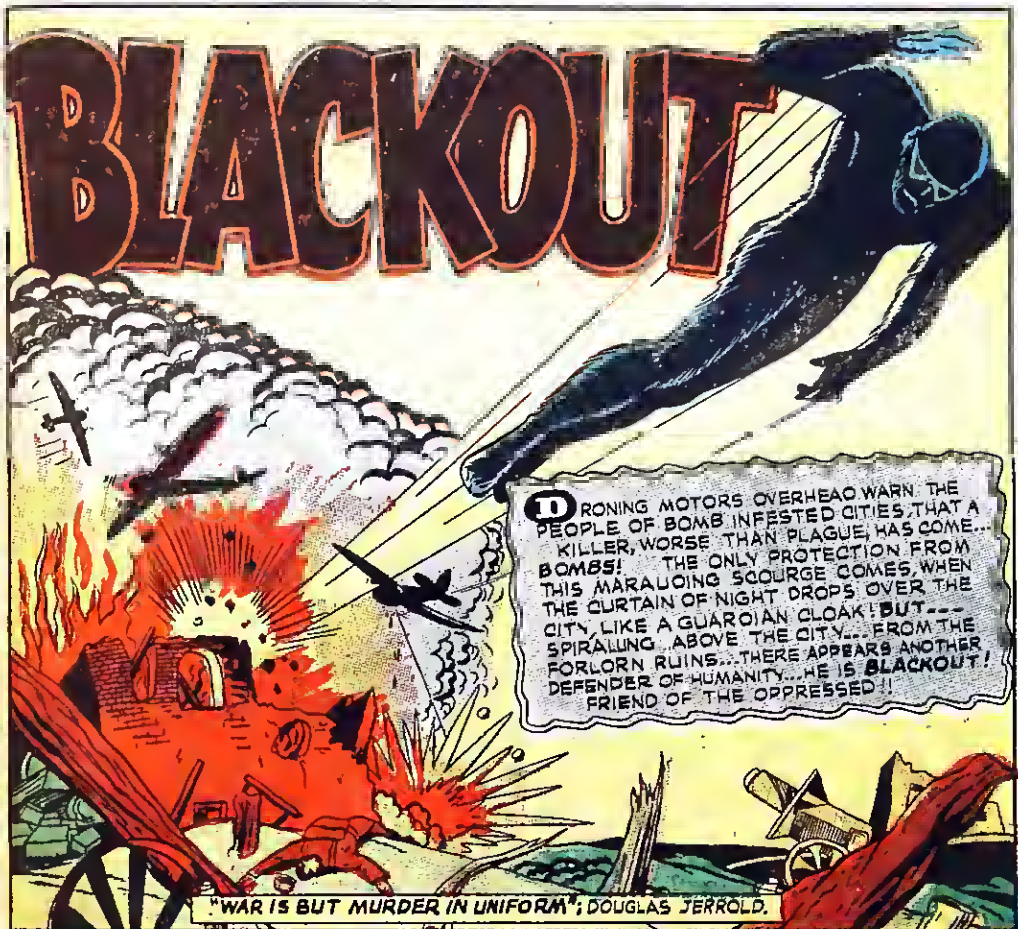
I WONDER WHERE MY
GUNNER IS?-- O-HUM,
GUESS I'LL KINDA
WARM UP!

ELP-HELP!
IT'S ALIVE--
HASH, MINCE MEAT,
I SHOULD BE.

I WONDER WHAT THAT LITTLE
FELLER IS RUNNING FOR?







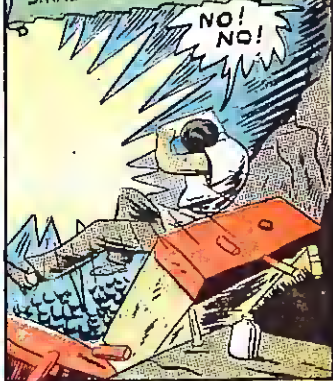
IT'S COMING CLOSER! A DIVE BOMBER! LORD! DOESN'T THE ACCURSED DEVIL KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL? NO! NO! DON'T!



BUT DR. BRUSILOFF'S HYSTERICAL PLEADING COULD NEVER BE HEARD BY THE GAUNT PILOT WHO DROPS HIS CARGO OF DEATH ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF!



A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF FLAME AND BRUTE FORCE SMASHES INTO THE LABORATORY!



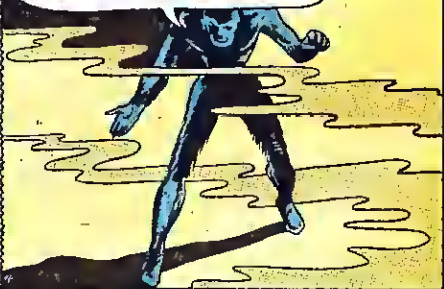
WHEN A SHROUDED MYSTERY OVERTAKES THE ROOM, AS THE CHEMICALS AND MEDICINES SPILLED FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES, IGNITE TO BILLOW OUT STREAMS OF JET BLACK SMOKE THAT WHIRLS AROUND DR. BRUSILOFF WITH CYCLONIC FORCE!



THE CHOKING FUMES EVAPORATE AND A NEW MYSTIFICATION COMMENCES, AS DR. BRUSILOFF'S CLOTHES DISINTEGRATE OFF HIS BODY AND...

SOBBINGLY!

MY BODY! IT'S TURNED BLACK... DEEPER THAN NIGHT!



STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR, HE VIEWS HIS EBONY REFLECTION! AT THE SAME TIME, HE EXPERIENCES A NEW-FOUND THRILL, AS TREMENDOUS ENERGY SURGES THROUGH HIS FRAME!

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS TO ME, I DO NOT CARE! ALL THAT I KNOW IS, I FEEL THE MIGHTY COMMAND OF A MILLION SOULS, WHO HAVE PERISHED FROM OPPRESSION IN THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP DEMOCRACY ALIVE, APPEALING TO ME TO CARRY ON THEIR IDEALS! I MUST BLACKOUT TYRANNY... YES I WILL! FOR I AM BLACKOUT!



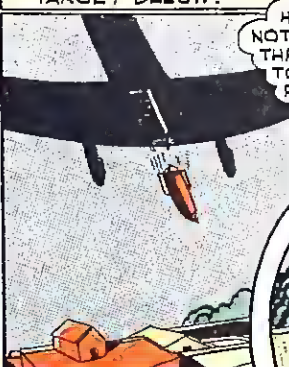
TWELVE HOURS LATER... THREE BOMBERS HEDGE THE OUTFORTS OF BELGRADE...

UNDER THIS CONTINUED BOMBING THE CAPITOL WILL SOON FALL!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE ARYAN!

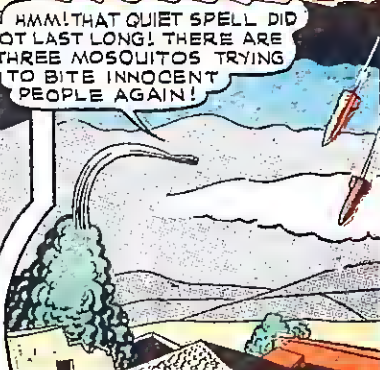


AND JOCKEY OVER THE WAREHOUSES WHERE THEY DROP THEIR BOMBS UNERRINGLY FOR THE TARGET BELOW!



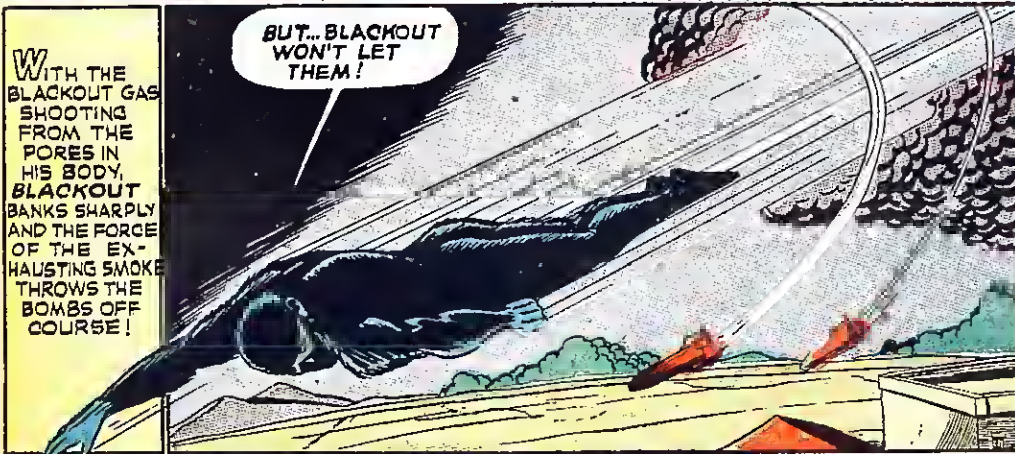
THEN, UPWARD FROM THE RUINS OF A BOMBED HOSPITAL, ZOOMS A LIVID FIGURE, LEAVING BEHIND A PITCHY SMOKE... IT IS BLACKOUT!

HMM! THAT QUIET SPELL DID NOT LAST LONG! THERE ARE THREE MOSQUITOS TRYING TO BITE INNOCENT PEOPLE AGAIN!

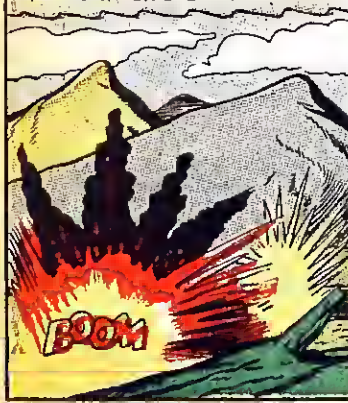


W WITH THE BLACKOUT GAS SHOOTING FROM THE PORES IN HIS BODY, BLACKOUT BANKS SHARPLY AND THE FORCE OF THE EXHAUSTING SMOKE THROWS THE BOMBS OFF COURSE!

BUT... BLACKOUT WON'T LET THEM!



...AND THEY EXPLODE HARMLESSLY IN THE SAVO RIVER TO THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY!



HANS! DID YOU SEE THAT?

YA! IT MUST BE THE SECRET WEAPON WE HAVE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT! IT CAN'T BE HUMAN!



MORTAL FEAR GRIPS THE PILOTS AS BLACKOUT PURSUES THEM!

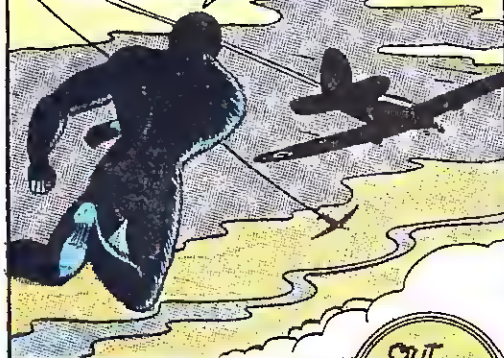
HA! THEY COWER AT SOMETHING THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE HIGH COMMAND!



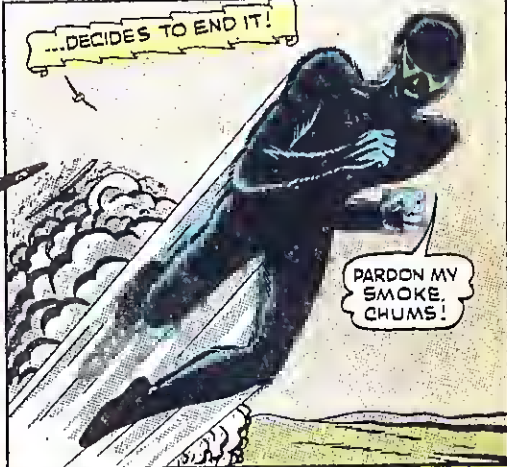
BLACKOUT TAILS THE PLANES INTO ENEMY LAND, AND TIRING OF THE CHASE...

THIS IS GETTING DULL!



...DECIDES TO END IT!

PARDON MY SMOKE, CHUMS!



THE DENSE BLACKOUT SMOKE SWEPS INTO THE PLANE!

I CAN'T SEE!
...CAN'T BREATHE...!

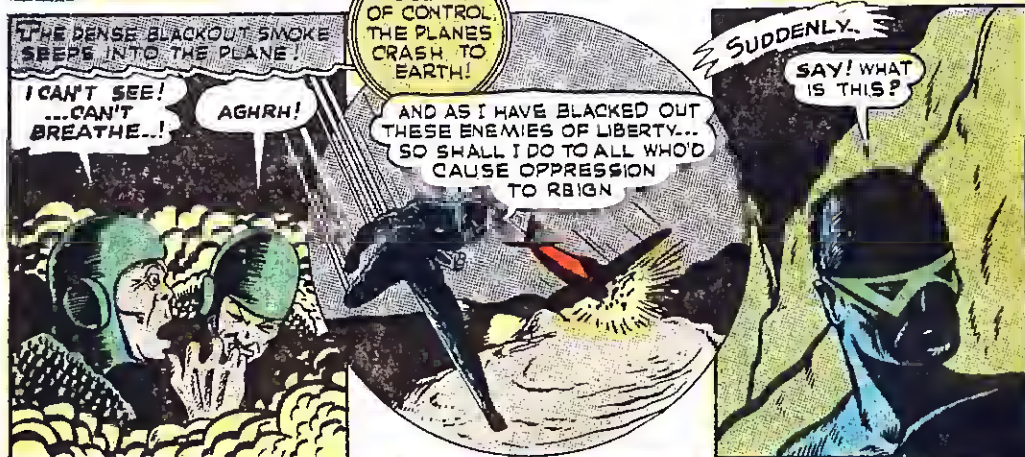
AGHRR!

Out
OF CONTROL,
THE PLANES
CRASH TO
EARTH!

AND AS I HAVE BLACKED OUT
THESE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY...
SO SHALL I DO TO ALL WHO'D
CAUSE OPPRESSION
TO RBIGN

SUDDENLY...

SAY! WHAT
IS THIS?

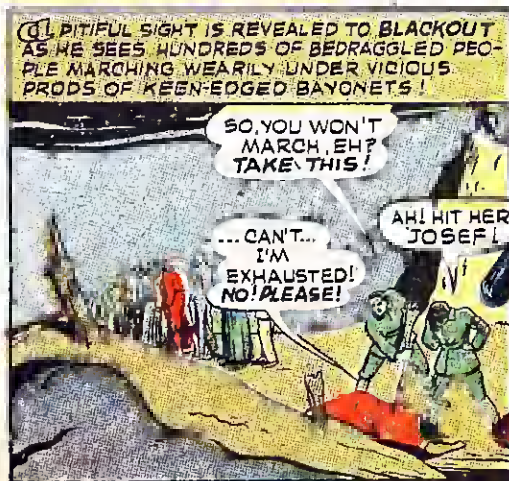


A PITIFUL SIGHT IS REVEALED TO BLACKOUT
AS HE SEES HUNDREDS OF BEDRAGGLED PEOP-
LE MARCHING WEARILY UNDER VICIOUS
PRODS OF KEEN-EDGED BAYONETS!

SO, YOU WON'T
MARCH, EH?
TAKE THIS!

... CAN'T...
I'M
EXHAUSTED!
NO! PLEASE!

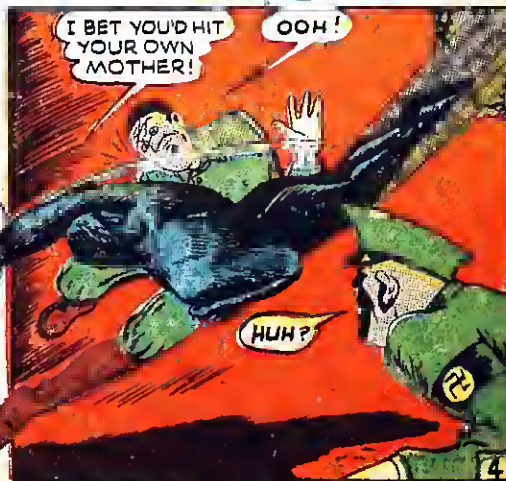
AH! HIT HER,
JOSEF!



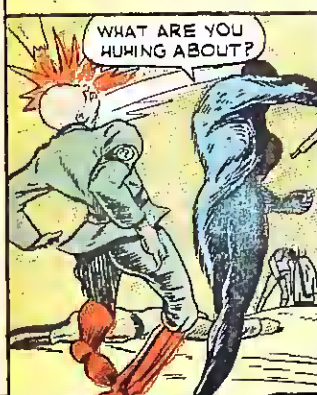
I BET YOU'D HIT
YOUR OWN
MOTHER!

OOH!

HUH?

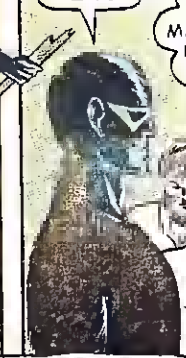


SNATCHING THE FALLEN RIFLE, BLACKOUT CRACKS INTO THE OTHER GUARD!



WHAT ARE YOU HUMING ABOUT?

WHAT INSULT TO JUSTICE IS THIS? GUARDS BEATING WOMEN...HUNGRY MEN?

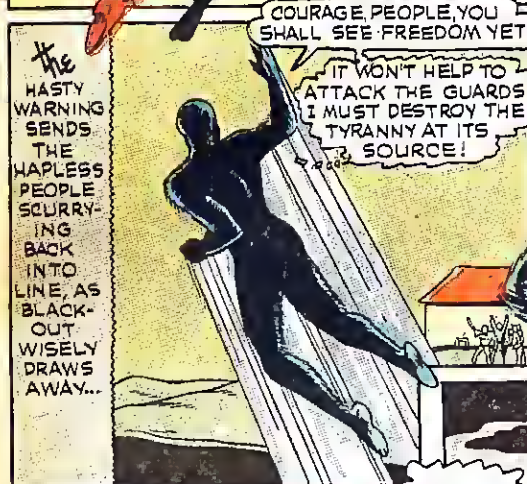


WE ARE PRISONERS FROM OCCUPIED LAND, DRAFTED INTO LABOR! THEY CHAIN US TO MACHINES... AND MAKE US MANUFACTURE TANKS! IF WE REFUSE, THEY FORCE US TO MARCH IN THE YARDS ALL DAY!



NONE OF US ARE FIT TO DO THE WORK! IT'S TERRIBLE!

QUICK! GET IN LINE...HERE COME MORE GUARDS!



THE HASTY WARNING SENDS THE HAPLESS PEOPLE SCURRYING BACK INTO LINE, AS BLACKOUT WISELY DRAWS AWAY...

COURAGE, PEOPLE, YOU SHALL SEE FREEDOM YET!

IT WON'T HELP TO ATTACK THE GUARDS! I MUST DESTROY THE TYRANNY AT ITS SOURCE!

LATER...ON THE ENEMY FACTORY GROUNDS.

INFORMATION IS WHAT I NEED AND THIS IS THE WAY TO GET IT!



COULD YOU BE LOOKING FOR ME? I AM HIMMEL...BAH! SHOOT BOTH OF THEM... I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON TRAITOROUS GUARDS AND BLACK-ENED FOOLS!

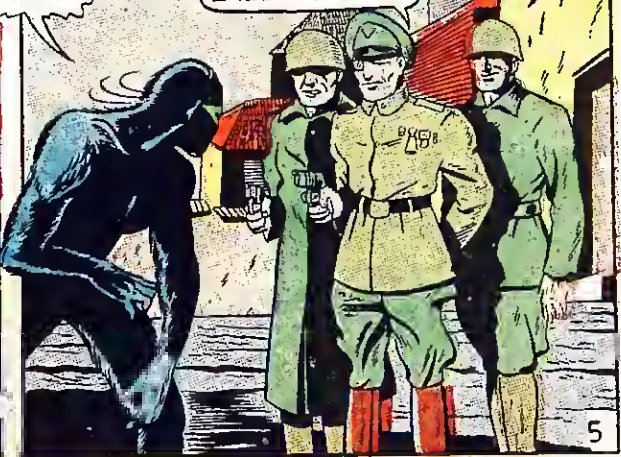
WHA?

YAH!

WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THIS SLAVE FACTORY? SPEAK!



STOP! I'LL TELL! IT'S HEINRICH HIMMEL!



IN A FLASH, BLACKOUT CIRCLES AROUND HIMMEL AND THROWS OUT A WALL OF RAVEN SMOKE!

EKK! HAVE I GONE MAD?

EEOW!

YOU WERE MAD LONG BEFORE THIS, SCREWBALL!

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU... YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE NEVER PART OF THIS BLOODY GOVERNMENT!

OW!

OW!

OW!

SWINE! I MUST GET AWAY! THE SMOKE WILL COVER ME UP!

HE'S GONE! I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER... RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO PROVE TO THOSE PEOPLE THAT LIBERTY STILL EXISTS FOR THEM!

WENDING HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE FACTORY, BLACKOUT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF AN OPPRESSED WORKER...

WHO ARE YOU?

SHH! FREEDOM IS HERE FOR YOU!

THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY, BUZZES BLACKOUT'S PLAN...

I HAVE A PLAN...LISTEN! BZZ...BZZ...ZZ-Z-Z!

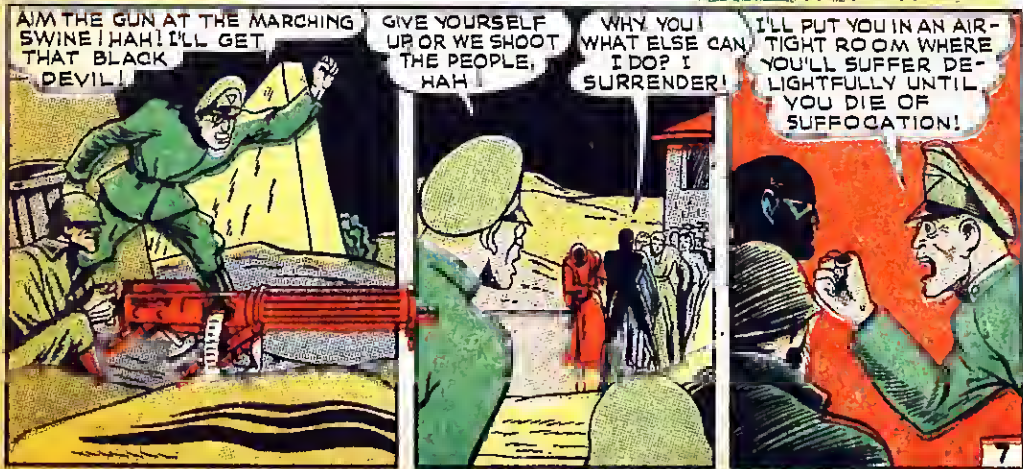
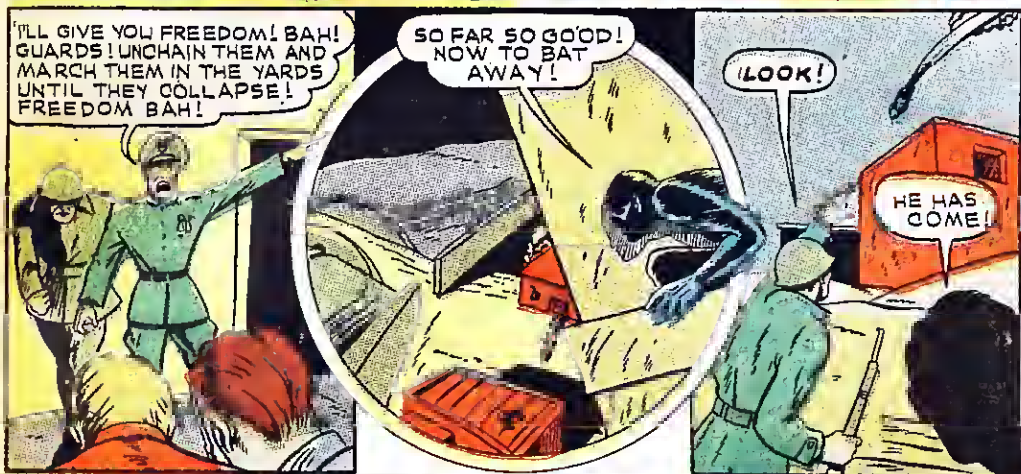
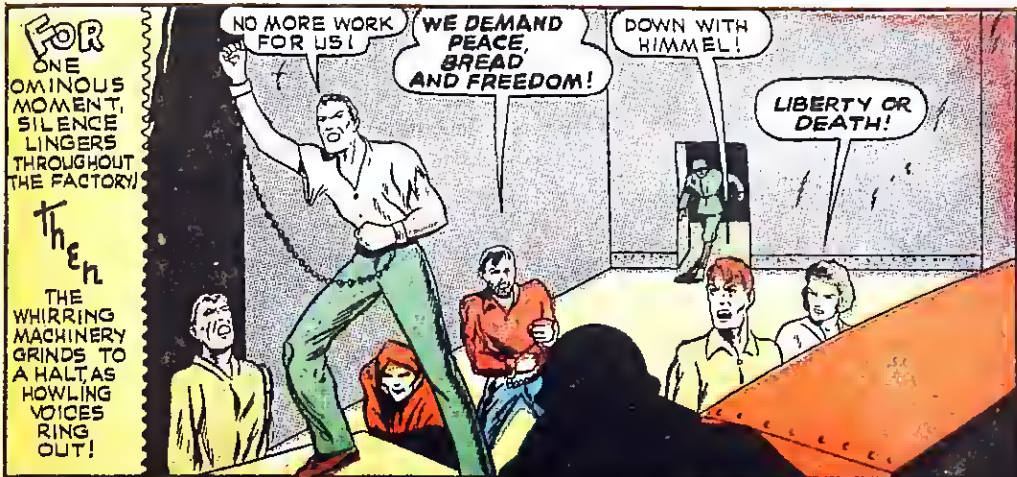
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'LL WORK... BUT WE'LL TRY!

IF WE DO IT... WE'LL BE FREE!

WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?

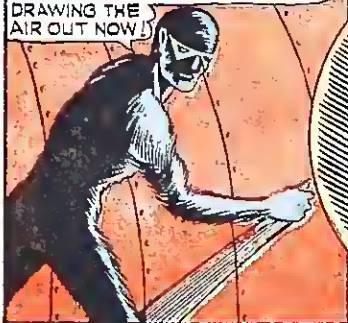
LIBERTY AGAIN

ARISE! LET'S GO!



BLACKOUT IS RUTHLESSLY THROWN INTO A STEEL-GIRDED CELL AND THE AIR-TIGHT DOOR IS SHUT...

WHEW! I WONDER HOW MANY VICTIMS THIS TORTURE CHAMBER HAS CLAIMED? SAY! THEY'RE DRAWING THE AIR OUT NOW!!



IT'S STARTED ALREADY... GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE! NO! I CAN'T LET THOSE HELPLESS PEOPLE DOWN! ARRR!



MEANWHILE... HIMMEL, WITH SADISTIC PLEASURE EXECUTES HIS BRUTALITY OVER THE MARCHING PEOPLE!

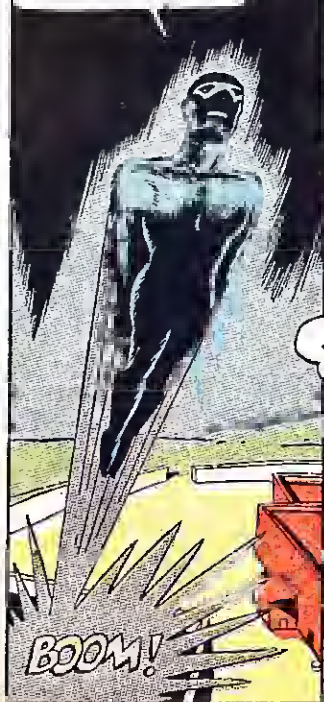
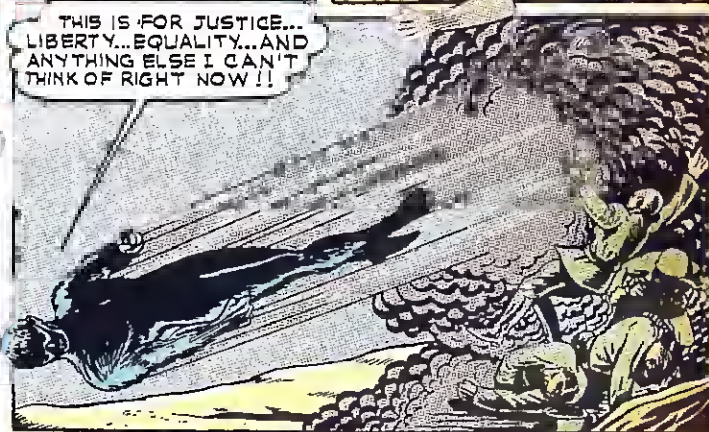
UP ON YOUR FEET, PIGS! MARCH! HA! YOU THOUGHT THAT BLACK DEVIL WOULD GIVE YOU FREEDOM! BAH! MARCH! HAH!



A TERRIFIC DETONATION DROWNS OUT HIMMEL'S CRAZED VOICE, AS THE ROOF OF THE FACTORY BLOWS OFF AND OUT SHOOTS BLACKOUT!

LEAVING OUT BLACKOUT SMOKE DID IT! IT BUILT UP TONS OF PRESSURE AND BLEW THE CELL APART! NOW TO EDUCATE THOSE SLOBS WITH DECENCY!!

THIS IS FOR JUSTICE... LIBERTY... EQUALITY... AND ANYTHING ELSE I CAN'T THINK OF RIGHT NOW!!



THE GUARDS SUCCEUMB TO BLACKOUT'S WHIRLWIND ATTACK... THEN THE NEWLY FREED PEOPLE GATHER AROUND HIM!

BLESS YOU SIR! I.....!

NO TIME FOR THAT! WHERE DO THEY STORE THE COMPLETED TANKS?

IN THAT BIG GARAGE!



SUDDENLY... THE GARAGE DOORS OPEN AND A TANK CATCHES FORWARD... ITS GUNS BELCHING DEATH!



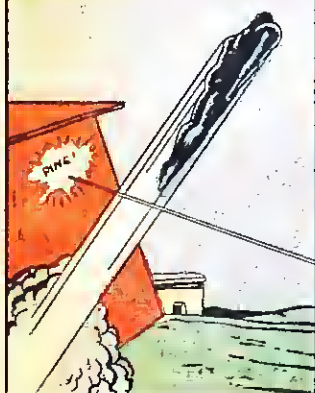
HIMMEL AGAIN!

TAKE DEATH, AS THE PRICE FOR YOUR FOOLISH FREEDOM!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

BOOM!

**BLACKOUT CATAPULTS
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE---**



NOW TO FILL THAT SLAVE-
DRIVER SO FULL OF
SMOKE, HE'LL THINK
HE'S IN HADES!



THROUGH A PEEP HOLE IN THE
SIDE OF THE TANK, HE SENDS
A MASS OF SMOKE!

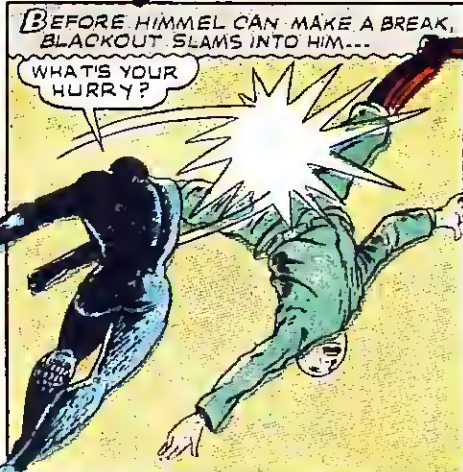
ACH! I'M SUFFOCATING!
LET ME OUT!

THAT'S BETTER! THIS
GUY MUST BE THE
DEVIL HIMSELF!



**BEFORE HIMMEL CAN MAKE A BREAK,
BLACKOUT SLAMS INTO HIM---**

WHAT'S YOUR
HURRY?



...AND TOSSES HIM TO
THE MEN AND WOMEN!

MERCY..NO!



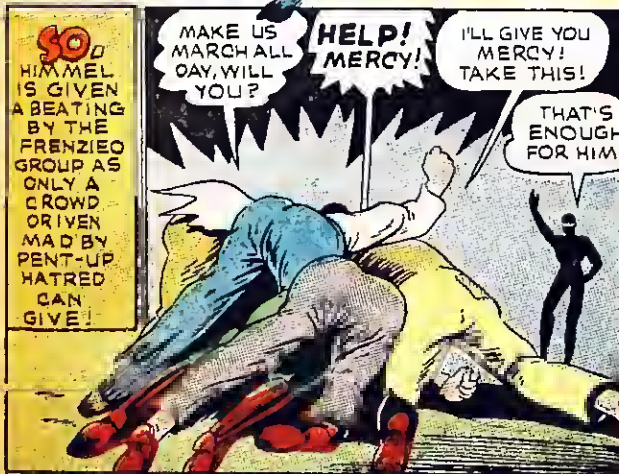
SO
HIMMEL
IS GIVEN
A BEATING
BY THE
FRENZIED
GROUP AS
ONLY A
CROWD
DRIVEN
MAD BY
PENT-UP
HATRED
CAN
GIVE!

MAKE US
MARCH ALL
DAY, WILL
YOU?

**HELP!
MERCY!**

I'LL GIVE YOU
MERCY!
TAKE THIS!

THAT'S
ENOUGH
FOR HIM!



ALL MEN ABLE TO DRIVE, TAKE OVER
THE TANKS...PILE IN AS MANY
PEOPLE AS THEY
WILL HOLD!

AS YOU SAY,
BLACKOUT!

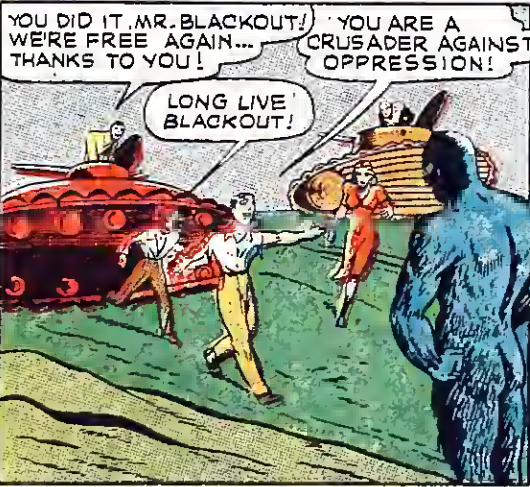
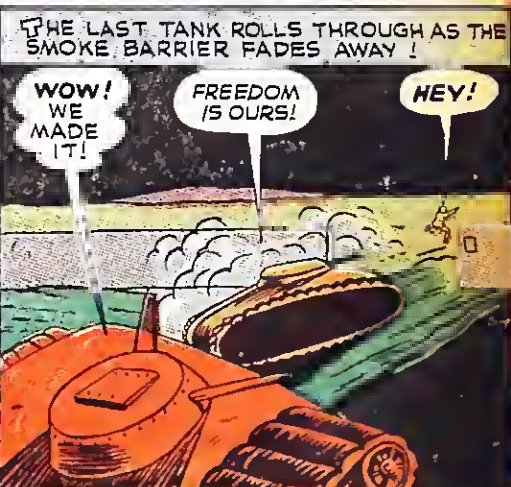
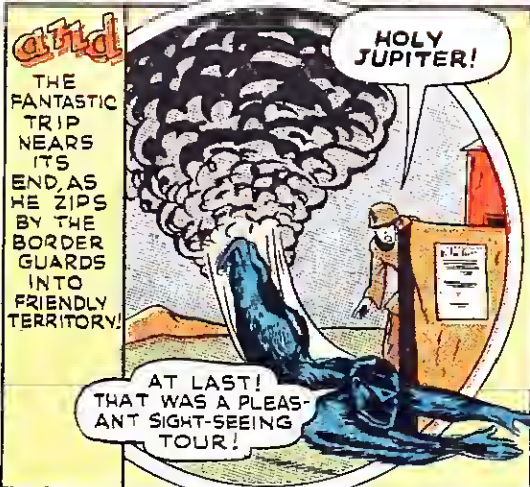
SURE!
HE'LL
GIVE US
LIBERTY!



INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE CAREFULLY...
BLACKOUT THEN ISSUES AN EBONY SMOKE,
 WHICH FORMS A SCREENING TUNNEL ... THE
 TANKS ,LADEN WITH PEOPLE,SPEED INTO IT !



THROUGH
 MOUNTAIN
 BY-PASSES
 AND
 CROWDED
 CITY STREETS,
 FLASHES
BLACKOUT
 AND
 TANKS,
 HIDDEN IN
 THE
 DENSE
 SMOKE
 SCREEN!





BEST of them **ALL!**

SILVER STREAK COMICS

METEOR
CITY YOUNGSTER
TURNED
STREAK!

The Great
**SILVER
STREAK**

THE MOST
BREATH-TAKING
FEATURES IN
COMIC BOOK HISTORY
NOW APPEAR **TOGETHER**
IN ONE GREAT BOOK!

DON'T MISS
SILVER STREAK COMICS
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

NOW AND EVERY MONTH

The One and Only
CAPT. BATTLE
AND HIS SKY-SOARING PROTEGE
MALE BATTLE!

The
DAREDEVIL
SWORN FOE
OF CRIME

3 POWERFULL FEATURES!